



LITERARY *Cavalcade*

TEACHER EDITION • OCTOBER 1953 • VOL. 6, NO. 1

Lesson Plans

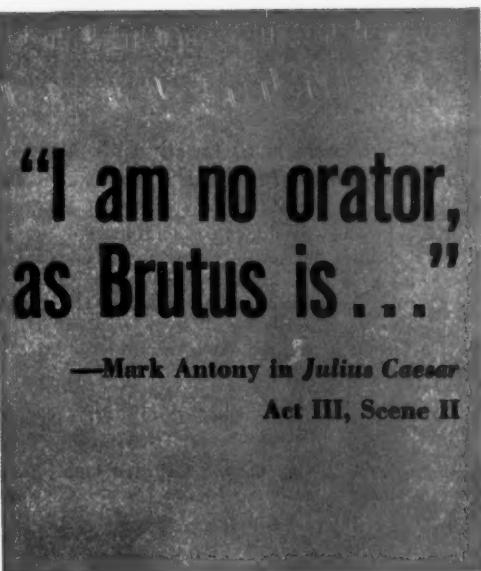
Topics for Discussion

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Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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Harold Keables
South Denver High School
Denver, Colorado

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A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES

Illustration by Garth Williams—Resting on a Cross-country Trek—1922



(See "From Sea to Shining Sea," by E. B. White, pp. 6-7)

OCTOBER, 1953 • VOLUME 6 • NUMBER 1

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.


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 Literary Cavalcade, published monthly during the school year, entered as second class matter August 31, 1948, at Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright, 1953, by Scholastic Corporation. Subscription price: 50¢ a semester; \$1.00 a school year. Single copies, 25¢. Special rates in combination with weekly Scholastic Magazines. Office of publication, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio. General and editorial offices, *Literary Cavalcade*, 33 W. 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

OUR FRONT COVER



Artist Garth Williams did our cover drawing and those that accompany E. B. White's essay, "From Sea to Shining Sea." His nimble brush had no difficulty in capturing the flavor of Mr. White's prose. For a long time, Messrs. Williams and White have been a kind of words and pictures team. For permission to use the drawings we are indebted to the *Ford Times*.



LITERARY cavalcade

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THE SMUGGLER

In a dictatorship a life can hang by a slender thread—

the whim of one man

By VICTOR CANNING

Illustrated by Erwin Hoffman

THE GREAT MAN stood at the window of the Winter Palace. Across the paved courtyard, beyond the long sweep of ornamental railings and the still line of gray-uniformed guards, lay the wide bowl of the only harbor the island possessed. He raised a hand and scratched the back of his neck and the movement made the early morning April sun, reflected from the blue of the Adriatic, glint on his gilt epaulettes.

A respectful three paces behind him the Chief of Police stirred uncomfortably and said, "That's his boat coming in now. For a year this has been going on, and until now we have never known

which of the many fishermen it might be. This time our information is reliable."

"Denunciation?" The word was harsh and bitter.

"Yes."

"Anonymous?"

"Yes."

"You have suspected him?"

"He and every other fisherman on the island, but until now I would have said that he was the last man . . ."

The figure at the window turned and a pair of cold, brown eyes regarded the Chief of Police shrewdly. They were eyes which missed nothing.

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OCTOBER, 1953

"You sound almost regretful. You like him?"

"Everyone on the island likes Tasso."

The Great Man walked past the Chief of Police towards his desk. From the shadow of the curtains at the window rose the brown and black length of his great Alsatian. As his master sat down the dog dropped heavily to the floor at the side of the desk.

"Your men are waiting for him?"

"Everything is ready."

"Go down yourself and arrest him and bring him here. Do not question him. Say nothing to him. Bring him here."

The face of the Chief of Police showed his surprise. A large hand with a thick gold ring waved at him, and the ghost of a smile passed across the face of the Great Man. "Bring him here. For once I have time on my hands. I am curious to talk to a man who has found a soft corner in the heart of a Chief of Police. Such men are rare."

The Chief of Police would have spoken again but the cold, brown eyes had grown colder and the ghost of a smile had gone. The Chief of Police saluted and left the room.

The Great Man lit a cigarette, eased his short powerful bulk back into the wide chair, and his left hand dropped to the neck of the Alsatian, the squat fingers teasing at the dog's thick fur. After a while there was the clatter of heavy boots on the wide marble stairway outside the room and then the door was opened. Tasso stood on the threshold, behind him two armed guards and behind them the Chief of Police. The Great Man eyed them in silence for a while and, in the long pause, the cries of the stall holders from the market along the quay front seeped faintly into the gilt and velvet stretches of the room.

"Let him come in alone," he said suddenly.

The doors closed behind Tasso, and the fisherman came slowly down the room. The dog by the chair stirred, beginning to rise, but the firm fingers tapped its head gently and the animal relaxed.

Tasso stood before the polished desk. He was a short, powerful man; much like the other in build. His eyes were brown, but with a warmth in them, his face tanned and creased with years of the sea, and about the wide lips clung a subdued smile. He showed no fear, nor embarrassment, though he knew well the identity of the man before him, had seen him resplendent at ceremonial parades and known those cold, brown eyes from a thousand photographs in a thousand public places. He stood there

with his shabby blue jacket swung open to show a dirty red shirt, his trousers flaked with fish scales. In the lapel of his jacket he wore a half-opened yellow rose.

"Your name?"

"Tasso Susvid."

"Age?"

"Fifty-three."

"Occupation?"

"Fisherman."

"And smuggler."

"No man willingly puts his initials on a bullet." The frank eyes smiled.

"You have been denounced*."

"The innocent as well as the guilty are often denounced."

The Great Man stirred comfortably and the ghost of a smile came back. "Let us assume that you are a smuggler for the moment."

Tasso shrugged. "Why not? I have time on my hands. My fish are caught and my wife will sell them."

"Why do you smuggle? It is against the interests of our country."

"If I do it—and we merely pass time with this game—it is to make myself more money. The better off the citizens of a country are, the better off the country."

"There are times when you smuggle out enemies of our country. A man who does that merits death."

"Why not a reward? Surely a country is healthier without its enemies?"

The lips of the Great Man tightened and for a moment his eyes narrowed. Then he laughed gently. "What do you bring in so valuable that it outweighs the risk of death?"

"Cigarettes."

*Reported to the police for actual, or suspected, disloyalty to the government.

About the Author



Can't you imagine this short short story as a play? The plot takes place in one room. Two characters—a dictator and a common fisherman—face each other. Life or death hangs in the balance,

with the decision depending on the whim of one man rather than upon larger principles of justice or fair trial. . . . It's easy enough to understand why author Victor Canning so often finds his novels made into movies.

Victor Canning is an English author who published his first novel in 1933 at the age of 22 and has become one of the top-ranking adventure writers of our times.

"We make our own."

"But the one you smoke now is American."

"What else?"

"Nylons."

"I prefer our own cotton stockings."

"I agree, but there are many who think differently. There are also perfumes."

"For the women in the capital?"

Tasso smiled and shook his head. "For any woman. Every goat girl on this island covets a pair of nylons, and if you tend goats you have need of perfumes."

The Great Man smiled, almost openly now, and said, "And all these things you bring from over there?" He nodded toward the sea.

"If I were a smuggler I should bring them from there, yes."

"How long would it take—in your boat?"

"Ten hours across, four hours there, and ten hours back. Twenty-four hours."

"When did you go out on this fishing trip?"

"At nine o'clock yesterday morning."

The Great Man glanced at a clock on the wall. "It is now half-past nine. It's odd—your trip lasted exactly twenty-four hours."

"I ran into bad weather last night and we had to heave-to."

"We?"

"My son works the boat with me."

"Your boat is being searched now."

"They will find nothing."

"You have a radio? Maybe someone warned you . . ."

"There is no radio. No one warned me. Remember, we are only pretending that I am a smuggler."

"It is a game not without its dangers. During the war, you were a partisan?"

"Yes, I fought. Later, because I know the coast, I was a pilot for the Allied naval forces."

"You like the English?"

"They understand the sea, and they keep their heads in an emergency. Both qualities I admire."

"Who doesn't? But even so, everything is passing from their grasp. In politics, in art, in commerce, and in sport they are being swallowed up."

Tasso shrugged his shoulders. "In all these things, perhaps. But I like them still because of all these the one thing they will really care about is sport. Only being able to draw with our National football team yesterday—they will find that hard to swallow."

"You are interested in football?"

"Every man on this island is. My son is captain of the town team."

"He will be proud when you are shot for smuggling."

Happy Birthday, U.S. Sweetheart

By HAL BOYLE, Associated Press Staff Writer

HAPPY birthday to America's most glamorous girl!

She's 67 years old, but isn't looking forward to her old-age pension. She still carries a torch for every man in the land, and she is true to each one that has stayed true to her.

A chubby lass who always wears the same old-fashioned dress, she has welcomed more people to New York than Grover Whalen. She has posed for more snapshots than Greta Garbo ever hoped to avoid.

This national sweetheart—the number one U. S. pinup girl—is Miss Liberty, the statue that stands gazing seaward from Bedloe's Island, a 15-acre welcome mat outside the golden door.

She's had quite a time of it—some

No. 1 pinup girl still carries the torch

career — our girl. She has greeted more than 60,000,000 immigrants to our shores and ought to know how these newcomers felt entering the land of opportunity. She was an immigrant herself—our most popular girl.

The idea of the Statue of Liberty was conceived by a French historian in 1876 on the 100th anniversary of American independence. She was modeled by Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, a young Alsatian sculptor.

She was a million-dollar baby. It took the French people four years to raise \$700,000 by popular subscription to build her. But it was nine years before the American people got around to tak-

ing her as a gift and raised \$300,000 for a pedestal to put her on her feet. The campaign was put over the top by Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*.

The first rivet was put in place on July 12, 1886, and President Cleveland formally welcomed Miss Liberty to citizenship on Oct. 28 of that year.

She immediately took the country by storm and over the years has become a great national shrine. Some 500,000 tourists visit her annually.

She stands 151 feet, has a right arm 12 feet thick. She never went in for a boyish figure—she is 35 feet thick at the waistline, and weighs 450,000 pounds. Thirty people can stand in her head.

"The bullet has yet to be marked. Remember this is a private game."

"You are denounced. The game is finished."

"Denounced by whom?"

"I don't know. Maybe your wife."

"Why?"

"She is a woman. Women notice small things . . ." A large hand rubbed gently across a broad jaw for a moment and the thick gold ring caught the light from the wide windows. "Four hours over there is not long, but it is long enough for a man to forget his wife. You wear a fresh rose in your lapel. A man who lands from sea after twenty-four hours with a fresh rose in his coat gives himself away. After a ten-hour trip from over there it would be fresh. Maybe your wife has noticed it and grown jealous of the one who pins a flower to your coat. Jealousy makes all women dangerous. Yes, I think it was your wife who denounced you."

Tasso smiled and raised his hand to the rose. "We are still playing our game. Look—" Tasso tossed the rose onto the desk. The movement made the Alsatian rise quickly, but a broad hand went out to restrain it. The Great Man picked up the rose and saw that it was artificial, made of wax-coated silk.

Tasso said, "It was the gift of an American nurse during the war. Ask any man in this town and he will tell you that I always wear it. After six years it is still fresh."

The Great Man was silent for a moment, turning the rose over in his hand. Then he looked up and smiled.

"A man who holds my power can resent the mistakes he makes. Out of hurt vanity I might take revenge and none would question my right. A snap of my fingers and our friend here . . ." he nodded to the Alsatian, "would tear your throat out. I should let him, for you are too frank and your tongue too ready."

But the smile still played about Tasso's mouth and he slowly raised his hand to the back of his neck, saying, "If you should try—there would be two throats cut. The dog's and your own." From the back of his coat he pulled a knife and placed it on the desk. "The Chief of Police is a conscientious man, but your presence here flusters him. He was so anxious to get me up here he made a bad job of searching me."

The Great Man picked up the knife and gently tried the edge of the sharp blade on his thumb. Then he said reflectively, "There are a thousand men who would have liked the chance you've just thrown away."

"I am a fisherman, not an assassin."

"And also a smuggler. Some instinct told you to jettison your goods."

"I am a fisherman."

"No. I may have been mistaken about your wife, but not over the smuggling. Yesterday evening you were over there."

"I was at sea—hove-to."

The Great Man went on, turning the knife in his hands as he spoke. "You left this island yesterday morning with your son. According to you, you have been twenty-four hours at sea, seeing no one and without a radio."

"That is what I said."

"And you landed here a little less than half an hour ago and were brought straight up to me without a chance to talk to anyone."

"That is so."

"And yet you knew that our National football team had drawn with the English team? The game was played in London yesterday afternoon, after you left here. You heard the result over there when you landed. Both you and your son would be interested in the result. If you had been at sea twenty-four hours without a radio you could not have known the result. It is forbidden to go over there, but you went as you have so often gone."

Tasso's face never altered. For a moment the two men stared at one another. Then Tasso nodded slowly. "The game it seems is finished."

But the Great Man smiled and shook his head. "No, I have enjoyed the game too much to have it finish this way." He stood up. "You are free to go. What I know I shall keep to myself, and you will have no trouble with the Chief of Police."

"Why do you do this?" Tasso's face showed his surprise.

The other put his hand for a moment on Tasso's shoulder. "You made a mistake, one mistake that could have meant death. That can happen to the bravest and cleverest of men. It might happen to me one day. If it does, I shall know I have a friend on this island with a boat. A man can never have too many friends."



From Sea to Shining Sea

**No road ever held back the
old Model T—it ploughed
across the country even if
there was no road**

By E. B. WHITE

Illustrated by Garth Williams

If you like cars or adventure, you'll enjoy this essay. When the author and his pal set out to cross the U. S. in 1922, some of the roads were only wagon trails. They were marked—if at all—by arrows tacked on trees. And the only roadmap was a chatty book with a blue cover which listed things like "the second turn to the left past the old oak tree."

I LOCATED America thirty-one years ago in a Model T Ford and planted my flag. I've tried a couple of times since to find it again, riding in faster cars and on better roads, but America is the sort of place that is discovered only once by any one man.

When I set out with another fellow in 1922, it was spring, and I was young, and my little black roadster was young and new and blithe and gay. Everything

lay ahead, and we had plenty of time of day: the land stretched interminably into the west and into the imaginations of young men. Our car seemed full of a deep inner excitement, just as we did ourselves.

The highway was a blazed trail of paint-rings on telegraph poles. It was a westerling trace marked by arrows whittled out of shingles and tacked negligently to the handiest tree. In many places the highway seemed non-existent—just a couple of ruts in the plain—but the Model T was not a fussy car. It sprang cheerfully toward any stretch of wasteland whether there was a noticeable road under foot or not. It had clearance, it had guts, and it enjoyed wonderful health.

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LITERARY CAVALCADE



My friend and I left New York on a raw March day and brought Poughkeepsie abeam by nightfall.* Six months later we pulled into Seattle, leaving a track across the United States as erratic as a mouse's track in snow.

The T is still to me a symbol of delicious delay. Structurally it was carefree, for it didn't give a hoot whether it was in high, low, neutral, reverse, or any combination of the four, and would leap joyously from one to another with unbelievable abandon and success.

In two respects it was an exceptionally safe car: first, it didn't go very fast; second, it had three foot pedals, and no matter which one of the three you pushed, your speed would be reduced. The really skillful driver, wishing to reduce speed, would apply first the brake, then a dab of low, then slide out of low into neutral (which meant letting the lefthand pedal relax into the twilight zone between high and low, a position so vague, so intermediate, that it was like a position on a violin string between two notes). Then another dab of the brake, or, if he felt whimsical, a dash of reverse—unorthodox, perhaps, but perfectly acceptable to the wild planetary bands below the floorboards.

Like a horse answering the reins, the T would answer its bands, responding brilliantly to the driver's excesses and uttering good-natured groans of mechanical compliance.

AS a gesture of contempt—or perhaps as an earnest of high resolve—my companion and I left our Automobile Blue Book behind when we started west in 1922. We took along instead a *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, to serve as a constant reminder that our destination was the world of letters.

I suppose modern youngsters have never laid eyes on a Blue Book, that Bible of touring in the early years of the century. The passenger on the seat with the driver held the Book open in his lap; he kept an eye on the mileage indicator on the dash, he kept an eye on the landmarks, and he checked both

with the printed story as it unfolded.

Every tenth mile had to be corroborated by the surroundings. At 11.8 there must be a country store on the left: "turn left, picking up trolley." (One was forever picking up trolleys in those days, and some of them were heavy indeed.) "11.9—Turn right with trolley on Burley Ave. Cross R. R. 12.3—jogging left and then right . . ."

The information was passed along to the driver, who, eyes front, jogged left and right, full of accomplishment, happy as a grig.

HERE were directions infinitely painstaking and exact. Forty times a day they saved you from some gaudy fate. A watering trough, looming at the predicted moment, was as welcome a sight to the motorist as is a spar-buoy to a mariner picking his way in the fog.

The Blue Book was a mine of curious and critical information. It pulled no punches. A road was "vile." A house (where you must turn "sharp right") was "unpainted." A righthand fork (not recommended) was "a by-road into swamp." The Philadelphia-Pittsburgh turnpike was "a reproach to the State of Pennsylvania." An important product of Elgin, Illinois, was "coffin trimmings." Twenty-five miles an hour was "pre-

sumptive evidence of carelessness"—and one's mind went back to those trimmings.

A characteristic entry in the Blue Book went something like this: "38.8—Cross iron bridge, and at forks beyond, bear right, coming into Main Street."

The words are beautiful in my heart. How many times have I crossed that bridge, borne right at the fork, and come into Main Street! I can shut my eyes now and come into Main Street at the wheel of a Model T, can experience again the sense of errantry, the sense of discovery, the excitement of arrival in a strange town.

My left leg is languidly draped over the side, to indicate an easy familiarity with my mount. The hand throttle is at second notch, easing her along at a trickle. A whisper of dust curls in the wake. There are no cars ahead, no cars behind; we are the new arrivals—we have the stage to ourselves. Bystanders give us the eye. Main Street sprawls contented in the sun, and every third vehicle drowsing at the curb is a blood relation of the T.

To an American, the physical fact of the complete America is, at best, a dream, a belief, a memory, and the sound of names. My own vision of the land—my own discovery of its size and meaning—was shaped, more than by any other instrument, by a Model T Ford. The vision endures; the small black roadster is always there, alive and kicking, a bedroll wedged against its spare, a dictionary sprawling on its floor, an Army trunk bracketed to its left running board. The course of my life was changed by it, and it is in a class by itself. It was cheap enough so I could afford to buy one; it was capable enough so it gave me courage to start.

Youth, I have no doubt, will always recognize its own frontier and push beyond it by whatever means are at hand. As for me, I've always been glad that mine was a two-track road running across the prairie into the sinking sun, and underneath me a slow-motion roadster of miraculous design—strong, tremulous, and tireless, from sea to shining sea.

About the Author



E. B. White is a well-known essayist, humorist, and poet. He is also an editor and writer for the *New Yorker Magazine*. He was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. In 1921 he was graduated from Cornell University and promptly

landed a job as a newspaper reporter. The next summer was the one he "took off" for a trip across the country in a Model T Ford. That's the unforgettable first trip across the United States that he describes in the gay essay on these pages.

*About 90 miles.



Ah love! Ah me!

By MAX STEELE

Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy

*This is a funny story—but it didn't seem so to
Dave at the time it happened*

IT happened six years ago—when I was in my junior year at high school—that I saw Sara Nell Workman for the first time and—not to be sentimental—I liked the girl. I liked her so much, in fact, that I would go to the library and read the cards in the back of the books to find the ones she had borrowed. I would take these out and read them carefully, including one called *Needlepoint and Needlecraft*.

"It's for my sister," I said hoarsely to the librarian who was looking at me curiously. There were some penciled notes in the margin about hemstitching, and whether Sara made these notes or not, I don't know. At the time I liked to imagine that she did, and I read them over and over: "Two skeins of black, 2 orange, 1 yellow, and the tulip stencil. Mother's Day, 17 days."

But when you're sixteen, you can't keep reading marginal notes over and over. At least I couldn't. And so the time came that I decided to ask Sara for a date. But that day at school I couldn't find her by herself, and juniors in high school don't just up and ask a girl for a date in front of everybody.

At home that night I went out into the hall where the phone was and shut the door behind me. I wrote Sara's number on the pad and then one sen-

tence: "Sara, a revival of *Jezebel* is on Friday night and I was just wondering if you'd like to see it with me."

That sounded casual and easy enough to say, but when I heard the operator ringing the number, I got excited and crumpled the paper in my hand. For a second, I considered hanging up, but then someone said, "Hello."

"Oh," I said. "May I speak to Sara Workman?"

"This is she," she said, rather impatiently it seemed.

"Uh, Sara," I said, "uh, this is Dave . . ."

"Yes," she said.

"Do you know what our history assignment is for tomorrow?" I asked hopelessly.

"Just a minute," she said. She got her book and gave me the assignment. I thanked her and hung up. Then I untwisted the phone wire and went back to my room to brood.

About an hour later I decided that the thing to do was to jump up suddenly without thinking, rush into the hall and phone her before I had a chance to become flustered. I jumped up quickly, but then I turned back to the dresser



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and brushed my hair before rushing out of the room.

When Sara answered the phone, I blurted out, "Would you like to go to the show with me Friday night? This is Dave."

"Well, I don't know," Sara said very slowly and coolly. "What's on?"

"I don't know," I said. "I thought maybe we'd just go mess around up-town."

"What?" she asked.

"I mean I don't know," I said. "*Lucy Belle* or something like that." I really couldn't remember.

"*Jezebel*," she said. "The Bette Davis revival. Yeah! I'd love to see it."

"Okay," I said. "Goodbye."

The next day I avoided meeting Sara alone. In the line at the cafeteria she leaned around two people and said to me, "That was you last night, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," I said.

She smiled and for a moment I was afraid that she was going to laugh, but she didn't.

Friday night at eight o'clock when we were leaving Sara's house, Mr. Workman, who looked like John L. Lewis, asked, "Who's driving?"

"I am," I said.

"You got a license?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he hollered, as we went down the walk, "just see to it that you get Sara back here safe. And before eleven o'clock."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Eleven o'clock, Sara," he screamed. She was embarrassed, but she hollered back, "Yes, sir."

At the theatre we had to stand in line, and when finally we did get seats they were in the third row. My neck was hurting before the newsreel was over, but Sara didn't seem to mind looking straight up at the screen.

When the picture was almost over, she caught me looking at her. "Whatsa matter?" she whispered.

"Headache," I said. "I think it's from looking straight . . ."

"Shhh . . ." she whispered. On the screen Bette Davis was risking death by yellow fever to be with her man and nurse him.

Sara was very quiet when we came out of the show. As we walked down Main Street, I said, "Do you think she should have stayed with him? She probably caught yellow fever too."

"It's not a matter of what you should or shouldn't do," Sara said, "For when you love a man, nothing can tear you away."

"Good gosh!" I said. Above us a neon light flickered off and on and buzzed as though it would explode.

We stood in front of Shaeffer's drugstore for a minute. It was 10:15 then, and Sara was worried about getting home.

"Just something to drink," she said, "we haven't time to eat."

She ordered a chocolate milk, and I wanted one, too, but I thought it would look kind of sophisticated to order something for my headache. I couldn't remember the name of a remedy, and so I asked the waiter what he had for a headache.

"Aspirin, epsom salts, litho-bromide, anything you want," he said.

"Bring me a litho-bromide," I said, trying to sound weary, "and soda."

"Still hurts?" Sara asked softly.

I smiled at her without answering.

John Bowerman and two other seniors came in and took the booth next to ours. All of the booths and tables were filling with the crowd from the movie.

The waiter brought the order. My soda was in one glass, two litho-bromide tablets were in the bottom of an empty glass, and there was a big glass of water.

I'd never taken a litho-bromide and I didn't know that the tablets were supposed to be dropped into a glass of water where they would fizz while dissolving. I just shook the tablets out into my hand, popped them in my mouth, and swallowed them one at a time as though they were aspirin. Then I drank half the soda while Sara tasted her milk shake.

Before I had time to say anything, the litho-bromide started bubbling noisily in my stomach.

I drank the rest of the soda and tried to pretend that nothing was happening. Sara put down her glass and stared at me, terrified. I sounded like somebody gargling under a barrel.

"It always does this," I said bravely, but by then the rumblings from the mixture were too ominous to be ignored by me or the people in the other booths.

"Everybody's looking at you," Sara whispered. She was so red that I was afraid she was going to cry.

"Sounds like somebody's churning buttermilk," John Bowerman said, coming around to our booth.

"He's effervescing!" the waiter announced happily to the astonished customers. "Just listen to him fizz!"

"Sara," I said, and I was going to tell her to get me out of there, but I was afraid to open my mouth to say anything else. The rumbling just sounded deeper when I did, like drumming on a hollow log.

"Doc Shaeffer!" John Bowerman called out when Sara told him what I had done.

Doc Shaeffer climbed over the prescription counter. "Stand back!" he said to the crowd that was gathering around our booth.

They stepped back as though they expected me to explode.

"It's nothing serious," Doc Shaeffer said. "Get his head lower than his stomach. Give me a hand with him."

"He says it always does this," Sara said.

"That's pretty hard to believe," Doc said, as John Bowerman and the two seniors picked me up and carried me to the prescription counter. They stretched me out and let my head hang



off with my mouth open. A dogfight couldn't have attracted more attention. Doc Shaeffer brought a wet towel from the back of the drugstore. Sara stood beside me and rubbed my forehead with it.

"Sara," I said, and I suppose now I must have sounded rather melodramatic to the other people, "you won't leave me, will you?"

"Oh, my goodness!" Sara said. "What time is it?"

"Ten till eleven," John Bowerman said.

Sara dropped the wet towel in my face. "I've got to be home by eleven!" she said.

"I'll take you," John said.

I took the towel off my face to see them stopping by the booth for Sara's pocketbook. She didn't even look back at me.

The four or five people who were standing by me went back to their tables. I lay quietly on the counter and watched the light above swaying gently in the noisy room.

Gradually, two by two, the people left, and the noise of the dishes being stacked grew quieter and quieter. I watched the waiter turn the chairs upside down on the tables and felt sorry for him and for myself and for the whole pitiful world.



Peter had to choose between his old life
and the dazzling new one he had found—
but he didn't choose either . . .

Island Summer

Short Story by STEWART PIERCE BROWN

Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy

AS IF at a signal, all five boys started to run. They were playing noisily at the water's edge, splashing in the lacy hem of foam, when suddenly they turned and raced down the hard-packed sand. They ran with a wild, coltish awkwardness; their faces, which a moment before had been wide open with bright laughter, were now screwed tight shut with the furious effort to win.

This was the way it always happened, Peter thought, as he ran with the others, the fun always turned into competition, and all the enjoyment went out of it. It was so foolish, he thought, so meaningless. But he kept on running. At sixteen it is difficult not to run when everybody else does.

However, when the others finally dropped, panting, in the sand, he jogged on. Ignoring their breathless calls, he went on into the dunes alone. He scuffed luxuriously through the hot, white sand, enjoying the shimmering pockets of heat where the wind from the sea was blocked by the graceful dunes. He wandered aimlessly, trailing a long stick in lazy, abstract patterns in the thick whiteness beside him. He could hear the shrill complaining of the gulls and feel the fiery sun tightening his skin, and everywhere there was a smell of salt in the air. He left the other boys far behind.

He walked back inland to the fields of windbent grass, between the road and the beach. The grass was cool under his feet after the burning sands. When he came to his family's cottage he noticed that the outboard motorboat was tied to the little pier that extended shakily into the quiet water of the bay; and he thought of gassing it up and

going out in it beyond the breakwater. Not that he particularly wanted to; it just seemed better than walking around doing nothing.

As he crossed the lawn toward the pier, the screen door on the porch behind him squeaked and then slammed shut; and he heard his father's voice calling, "Peter."

"Sir?" he said, turning.

His father managed to look like an important businessman even in shorts and a checkered shirt. "I thought you were going to take care of the talk this morning," he said.

"I was down at the beach with the guys."

"What's that got to do with it?" his father asked and Peter thought: He's going to be logical and reasonable this morning.

"Nothing," he replied.

"I bought some whitewash for the stones. It's in the garage."

"But I don't see why they have to be whitewashed."

"Well, they do," his father said, his voice still even and reasonable. "And let's see if we can get those stones straight this time. Use a pair of stakes and a cord if you have to."

"Stakes and a cord? For gosh sakes!"

The older man's smile faded. "Now see here . . ." he began.

"But gee whiz . . ."

"I don't like your attitude, Peter. I don't think asking you to whitewash a couple of dozen stones and arrange them in a straight line is asking too much."

"Oh, it isn't that."

"No? What is it, then?"

"Well, I don't know—it's the idea."

"What do you mean, the idea?"

"The idea of white stones and a straight line and all that stuff up here,"

Peter said. He indicated the island and the sea around it with a sweep of his arm. "This is a vacation place, for gosh sakes; you're supposed to relax."

His father looked at him silently for a moment. Then he smiled again, slowly shaking his head. "You've got some weird ideas, young fellow," he said good-humoredly. "I hope you grow out of them." He clapped Peter lightly on the shoulder and went back up the steps, the squeaky door slamming behind him. "Let me know when you're finished," he called from the gloom of the screened porch. "I want to cut the grass."

It took Peter the rest of the morning to trim the walk; it was after lunch before he got down to the boat. He cast it loose and chugged noisily out into the bay, leaving a tiny blue cloud in the air behind him and a shimmering rainbow of oil on the placid water. He steered straight for the breakwater and the ocean beyond it. It wasn't until he had passed between the heavy rocks, with their sentinel lights in the red steel cages, that he looked back at the shore. The cottage, he thought, looked like his family: without imagination, exactly like all the others in the row on either side of it.

The ocean was as calm as the bay. It reminded Peter of a huge blue mirror, with odd wavers and shimmers in it. The wake of his busy little motor made an ugly scratch across the surface of this gentle glass. He wished he could skim over it without disturbing it, and he felt a strange, minor sadness in knowing that wasn't possible.

He swung the boat in a long, lazy curve to his right. He could see the town ahead—the confused planes of its walls and roofs reflecting the morning sun. He saw it through the delicate

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forest of sailboat masts at the foot of the hill. It was an unattractive town that had covered its old ugliness with new ugliness, with neon lights and filling stations and restaurants.

As he passed through the busy harbor, bobbing jerkily in the wakes of other boats, he saw the fishing smacks being unloaded at the water front. Three years before he had tried to get a job as a crew member with the little fleet that tied up here in the town. Then he had found out just how the islanders regarded the summer people, when captain after captain turned him away. Now, as he passed slowly down the line of little piers, with the widening waves of his wake slapping gently against the spindly, green-furred pier legs, he remembered that painful afternoon. He was touched again by the same strange sadness he had felt when he marred the mirror of the sea.

IN THE boat he picked his way aimlessly through the field of mooring buoys and bobbing boats, like a cow grazing lazily among rocks and stumps. Then he headed out toward the open ocean again. He stretched his legs out in front of him, cushioning his heels on the bunched-up life jacket lying in the bottom of the boat.

How like his father, he thought, to insist on the life jacket. No matter who took the boat out, whether it was Peter, who was an excellent swimmer, or his mother, who could barely paddle out to the raft, the jacket had to go along. It was a law; and to Peter, it was a law as rigid and unbending as the man who made it. There were no special cases in his father's file, he thought, at the bank or at home. For him, the world was made up entirely of standardized types.

And while Peter knew that the life jacket, like the stones in the walk, was a petty thing, it stood for more important differences between the way he looked at the world and the way his family looked at it. They had a sternness, a calm orderliness with which they went about the business of living, that somehow made him ashamed of his own unrestrained curiosity in the world about him.

He straightened up on the hard, board seat and looked about him. To his surprise the island was out of sight. He saw only the ocean, vast and limitless, stretching off to the end of his vision, without a boat or sail or any sign of life. It met the sky in a thin and distant line, and that's all there was—the endless sea and the endless sky, with the brassy sun pressing down over them. Except for the occasional squeal-

ing of a hungry gull, there was no sound but the motor and the steady lap of the tiny waves against the sides of the boat. Peter felt remote and alone, and once again the strange sadness returned.

Nor did it go away when he twisted around and discovered the island a mile behind him. The sadness stayed with him and grew, until it was no longer small, and he understood then that his feeling of remoteness and aloneness had nothing to do with how near or far the island was. He could see the beach, where the boys had raced in the sand; he could see the bay, where his family sat on the screened porch; he could see the town, where the fishing boats were unloading. They were all part of the island, all connected with one another, and they looked infinitely far away across the still water.

He turned off the motor and lay down in the bottom of the boat, burving his face in the dark life jacket. The sun burned down on his shoulders, and the hollow slapping of the water was loud in his ears. . . .

How long he slept, he didn't know. The insistent whine of a power saw, coming to him faintly across the water, finally woke him. He got to his knees, squinting and blinking. He had drifted into Galleon Bay, a cliff-encircled inlet at the western end of the island; and the sound of the saw was coming from a small boathouse, standing near a small pier on the far shore. The saw stopped as Peter stood up. He yanked the motor into life, and its sudden explosions hammered off the surrounding cliffs, shattering the silence of the secluded little bay. Hastily he retarded the throttle and steered slowly toward the pier.

The man who was using the saw was out on the upper deck of the boathouse, making a chair. He was a tall man, with large sorrowful eyes, and he worked in silent concentration, oblivious of the boy approaching in the boat.

He took great pains with each piece of wood he fed to the saw, turning it carefully, almost lovingly, against the terrible blade. There were several leather thongs on a rack behind him, and as Peter drifted to a stop at the foot of the dock, he could smell the strong leather smell, mingled with the fragrance of fresh wood and the acrid smell of glue.

Peter tied up his boat, climbed up onto the dock and walked up to the boathouse railing, where he sat, watching the man cut and pare the pale wood and sand it smooth. In the far corner of the roof was a finished chair, a sturdy, clean-lined frame of satin wood, with a seat and back of richly gleaming leather strips.

After several moments the man switched off the saw and straightened up slowly, smiling briefly and sadly at Peter. "Noisy, isn't it?" he asked in the new silence. He spoke with a heavy accent which Peter thought might be Austrian.

"For its size," Peter said, nodding. The man wiped his hands carefully on a piece of cloth.

"Come in, if you like. Sit down in the chair here."

Peter lowered himself into the chair. The leather creaked under his weight, but the position of his body was comfortable. "This feels good," he said, relaxing against the leather, and the brief smile flickered across the man's face again.

"That is nice you like it," he said, his voice soft and full of sorrow, like his eyes. "It's my own favorite, that one."

Peter got up and walked slowly around the airy workshop, examining the well-oiled tools, the stocks of raw wood, the heap of pungent hides in the corner. Piled neatly on a long table were sketches and plans for more furniture. "Did you do these, too?" he asked, leafing through them.

"Yes. I design the pieces and make them, too," the man said. He was sitting on the railing, resting. "In New York I have a little shop downtown. We are up here for the summer." And solemnly holding out his hand, he added, "My name is Alex." Peter told him his name, and they shook hands. They both smiled, quickly, shyly.

"You like to work with wood?" Alex asked.

"Well, I don't know. I never did much of it," Peter said. He picked up a newly sanded piece of wood. "It sure feels good. Smells good, too."

Alex smiled more broadly and nodded. Peter tapped the sketches with the wood. "I like these, too," he said.

Alex's nod grew more emphatic. "Ah, yes, yes. It is very exciting to design and make something that has beauty and yet *does* something, too."

SOMEWHERE up the hill in back of them a bell rang. Alex looked at his watch in surprise. "Lunch?" he said, lifting his eyebrows. "I had no idea . . ." He slid from the railing. "Will you join us?" Peter hesitated. Alex smiled and took him by the arm. "Of course," he urged. "There is plenty. Come on." And they went up the path together.

The house was low and rambling, with large rooms. At the long dining-room table sat three young women and two men. They were all talking animatedly and laughing loudly, and for a moment Peter paused in the doorway,

intending to turn back, feeling his role of outsider. But Alex pushed him forward gently, introducing him simply as Peter, without naming any of the others; and a place was quickly made for him, so that before he knew it he was seated and eating with them.

The meal was noisy and relaxed. From the pleasant confusion the identities of the diners emerged easily and informally. On Peter's left was Nadine. She wore paint-stained dungarees and a man's shirt; her hair was held back with a rubber band; she wore no make-up; and when she went to the kitchen for more coffee, Peter noticed how she held her back straight and pointed her toes out, walking with a curious, bouncing step.

Across from her sat a thin, nervous girl everyone called Duffy; she was wearing the dirtiest dress Peter had ever seen. The third girl, Marthe, was tall and large-boned, and she talked in a hoarse, dry voice. On Peter's right sat Ferris—a tall, slender, exceedingly tanned young man, with a helmet of blond hair and a low voice—who was a painter. The other man was heavy and bald-headed; everyone called him Pop, and Peter learned by listening that he composed and played the music to which Nadine danced. Duffy, he discovered, was a writer.

They all talked at once, and their laughter burst forth in unexpected and prolonged explosions. They swept Peter along in their noisy enthusiasm, taking his presence completely for granted, including him in their joking, absorbing him into their midst so quickly and completely that he even made a joke of his own. It was the first joke he had ever made, and he was pleased to hear Duffy laugh wildly at it. He laughed himself then, because it seemed so easy and natural all of a sudden.

The conversation swirled around him and flowed easily and swiftly from topic to topic, each one, to Peter, more exciting than the one before. Much of it he didn't understand. But somehow these things only added to his excitement and, in a strange way, to his enjoyment.

He wasn't being treated like a guest, nor was he ignored. He listened when one of them spoke and when he spoke—which wasn't often—they listened to him, at least as much as they listened to anyone. To his surprise, it seemed to make no difference to them that he was so much younger.

When the meal was over they all got up and left the dishes on the table and went outside to sit on the grass and talk some more. Peter couldn't remember when he had enjoyed himself more.

When he decided to go, Ferris, Nadine, and the bald man went down to the boathouse with him. They urged him to come back soon; and, growing suddenly bold because he was about to leave them and because he didn't want to, he said, trying to sound much more casual than he felt, "Like tomorrow, maybe?"

"Sure, tomorrow," Nadine said, blowing him a kiss across the widening water as he pushed off. "Tomorrow or any day."

"Any day, all day," Ferris called, waving.

Pop gave him a careless salute. "See you soon, Pete," he said.

And Peter saluted him back, then chugged out across the bay, with a whole new summer opening up before him. . . .

He didn't come back the very next day, for fear they would laugh at his eagerness. But on the second day he left home early and went straight to Galleon Bay, growing more and more worried, as he roared through the morning stillness, about what kind of a welcome he would receive.

They hardly welcomed him at all, which made him feel considerably relieved. They simply absorbed him into the activity of the moment; showing no surprise at seeing him, but thrusting a chair at him as he came up on the porch and asking him to carry it out to the carriage house, where Ferris was setting up his studio. All morning they moved Ferris' things, along a path lined with stones which were neither white nor straight.

After lunch Ferris showed Peter one of his paintings. Nadine and Alex were with them, and they watched Peter as he studied. There was a large, crude yellow tree in one corner and diagonally opposite it a jagged burst of lightning. And that was all: the rest was a strange blending and clashing of raw colors and off-tones that Peter found pleasing and at the same time disturbing. The whole painting pleased and disturbed him: there was a feeling about it of a doom more final than an electric storm. It seemed to Peter to threaten the complete destruction of that bright and hopeful yellow tree.

As the others listened, he said these things, slowly, stumbling over the terms of this new language, feeling his way unsurely over this strange ground. But he finally got it all out, a painfully honest expression of what he felt; and he sensed somehow, though the others said nothing, that he had passed a test.

HE came back the next day and the day after that. Soon he was coming every day. Soon he was a part of the household at Galleon Bay, eating with them, shopping with them, working with them, and talking with them. He watched Ferris paint, he listened to Alex's theories of design, he sat in silent admiration while Nadine danced. He tried to understand Pop's music, as he tried to understand Ferris' pictures, and once when he helped Duffy read proofs, he tried to understand what she was saying in her story.

After the first few weeks, during which he divided his time almost equally among them—not by plan, but because that was the schedule his artistic curiosity set up within him—he found himself turning more and more to Alex's workshop. Peter liked the man, he liked what he made, and he liked the precise, demanding work that was the bond between the man and the wood.

He began spending long hours in that airy studio, with the water chuckling under the flooring, the fragrant pines brushing lightly against the shingles, and the sunlight glancing off the bay onto the ceiling in brilliant, shimmering patterns of white and gold. All through the hot, breathless days of early summer they worked.

At first Peter was only a spectator, watching, fascinated, the deft way Alex turned the wood and joined it with the leather, so that the result was a whole in which, as Alex explained to him, form followed function but was never sacrificed to it.

Then he learned to help: handing up the proper tools, tending the screaming saw, laying out the soft, dark, polishing



Illustration by Lamar Dodd from *The Savannah*, by Thomas Stokes

cloths. And finally, following one of Alex's designs, he made a piece himself: a simple wooden stool that gave him more satisfaction than anything he'd ever done in his life.

As Peter and Alex worked together, they talked—an endless, easy, relaxed conversation, interrupted by lengthy pauses as one of them concentrated on a particularly delicate piece of work or went up to the pump to fill the gallon jug with drinking water. They talked when they weren't working, too, when they were out in the boat or walking into town together through the shroudlike island fog. They talked of beauty and utility, of furniture and painting, of books and music and color and sound and of appearances of things in the eyes of men. Half the time Peter was drunk with new ideas, more than he could absorb.

On the rare days he spent with his family, he felt like a stranger. Listening to them at the dinner table endlessly discussing the best way to reach Route 1 to Boston, or why only one grocer in town carried frozen vegetables, or the whereabouts of Amy Tunison's wandering son—he would feel an impatience so tense that his legs and arms prickled, and it was impossible for him to sit still.

He would fling himself from the table, with barely an excuse, and go out onto the porch alone, glaring down at the soldierly line of whitewashed stones in the moonlight. I don't belong here, he would think, I just don't belong here. And the next morning he would leave for Galleon Bay before breakfast and stay all day.

THE summer at Galleon Bay passed slowly. The hot days melted and ran together, until Peter lost all sense of the calendar. He drifted along with his new friends from one rich, golden day to the next, drugged with the exciting adventures of his mind. It was the middle of summer, and the season moved even more sluggishly, a river of heat. Dust piled thickly on the roadside grass, and the fields shimmered brightly. . . .

Late one August afternoon, as they all sat on the porch, Ferris switched on the little radio and searched idly along the dial. Suddenly a brisk, authoritative voice cut through the soft summer air: "It's two and two on Robinson now, in the first half of the eighth. Runners on first and second—here's the pitch—" With a groan, Ferris quickly moved the pointer past the station to a program of symphonic music. "Baseball!" he said, shuddering.

Peter smiled to himself, but the smile faded. Hearing the familiar nasality of

the announcer's voice and the worn baseball phrases, he realized he had missed them. He realized, too, that he was annoyed with Ferris for having tuned the broadcast out so automatically. But then why not? he thought—one here was interested in the game. He wasn't even a real fan himself. Yet they could have waited at least for the score before turning to Mozart.

Confused, Peter became aware of a growing sensation that was vaguely familiar but which he couldn't immediately identify.

Then slowly, as he looked around the porch and listened to the talk of the people sitting there, he began to recognize it. Nadine and Ferris were arguing about the dance; Duffy, Marthe and Pop were attacking the latest best-selling novel. And as he listened, Peter realized he had heard these same discussions and arguments all summer. He was reminded of the conversation of the boys on the beach and of his family. Each separate group had its own language, its own terminology, its own favorite expressions and figures of speech, and used them over and over again.

It was all the same, he thought sadly, getting slowly to his feet—too much Martha Graham was just as bad as too much Jackie Robinson or too much Amy Tunison. He went down the porch steps and out on the little pier. Sitting there on the warm, splintery boards, looking out over the sea, watching the gulls soaring in curves against the sun-bright sky, he realized that the sensation he had felt a few minutes before was the same strange sadness that had troubled him so often in the early part of the summer. Only now it was no longer strange; now he knew what it was. It was loneliness.

He locked his arms around his legs, bowing his forehead to his knees. Was there no place to go, he wondered, no place even to *begin* to look?

He heard footsteps on the path behind him, then Alex's voice said: "I'm going into town, to the express office. Will you finish the sanding?"

The question roused Peter, and with an effort he lifted his head and nodded. "Yes," he said, "sure, I'll finish it."

Alex smiled gently. "Good, thank you, I'll be back here a little after five," he said.

Peter watched him go back up the path. Alex was the only one who didn't take part in the endless arguments, he realized. He saw him get into the station wagon, and the car bumped out the dusty drive. Peter got up and went into the boathouse.

He had been working less than an hour when Nadine leaned in over the

railing. Peter switched off the sanding machine.

"Peter," she said, "have you got any money?"

"A little change, I think. How much do you want?"

"It's for the gasman," she said, nodding back toward the house.

Peter recognized the truck owned by the man who supplied the island cottages with bottled gas. "I've got less than a dollar. Ninety-three cents," Peter said.

"Oh, dear! Alex *would* have to be gone now. This old goat won't put the new tank in unless we pay him for the old one. When is he coming back?"

"Alex? A little after five. Why? Is he the official bill payer?"

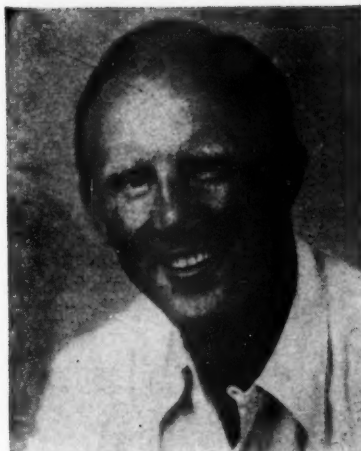
"He's the only one who's working, isn't he?" Nadine said crossly. "Well, we'll have to wait until the next delivery, I guess. We're sure to run out before then." She went angrily back to the house, and Peter could see her talking to the gasman. After a moment the truck drove away, the new tank still in the back.

He stood watching the cloud of dust settle in its wake. His hand rested on the sander, but he didn't turn it on. Something Nadine had said had never occurred to him before. Alex *was* the only one at Galleon Bay who was working, or at least he was the only one who was earning any money. Certainly he was the only one who paid any bills.

Peter thought back: the grocery man, the woman who rented them the cottage, the man at the filling station in town, the butcher—Alex paid them all. The furniture Alex designed and made sold well, and they all lived on the income from it here in the big cottage. No wonder Alex was too busy to get involved in the arguments and discussions; no wonder he was always working. He was the breadwinner. He supported the whole project; without him the community would collapse. The others owed their freedom to him.

Peter stood stock-still in the middle of the boathouse floor. He thought of his father and felt shame spread hotly through him. Like Alex, his father was a breadwinner, and it was to him that Peter owed his own freedom. Like Alex, his father had been too busy supporting the group to become an active part of it, and Peter had done little to help him.

He realized, as he stood there with the half-sanded piece of wood forgotten in his hand, that in every group there had to be someone like Alex and his father, someone who applied himself to his work and provided the others with the freedom to search for whatever it was they thought worth seeking. And it made little difference whether



About the Author

"Island Summer" is the first published short story by a promising young writer named Stewart Pierce Brown. He tells us that he worked all last year on it before submitting it to any publisher. He has recently sold two more stories and a TV play.

This story is about a number of things that are close to its author's heart. He likes the seashore and boats. And he believes—as the boy in the story comes to believe—that it's a good idea to have friends and interests in many fields—business, art, music, education, etc. Too many of us, he says, take a part in one small group and ignore all the others.

Stewart Brown was born and brought up in New Jersey. In high school his ambition was to become an actor. (He acts small parts now and then in TV plays.) He edited the literary magazine at Rutgers University, in N. J. His "big aim is to write a play for Broadway."

he was a designer or a banker, whether he was a painter of abstract pictures or an insurance agent. Peter saw it now with a clarity that made him thoroughly ashamed of his past blindness.

He finished the sanding hurriedly and left the boathouse before Alex came back.

He went back to the other end of the island, to the beach near his family's cottage. None of the boys was there; the long stretch of sand was deserted. They're probably up in Boston to see the Red Sox, he thought. He stood for some time watching the sandpipers racing along the bubbling sand. Then he walked slowly back to the cottage.

On the path to the pier he met his father, wearing swimming trunks and old sneakers, and carrying two short planks and a toolbox. "Hi," Peter said. He wanted to say more, but he didn't know how.

"Hello there, stranger," his father said, and Peter wondered if he, too, wanted to say more. His father went on down the path. He put the boards and tools down at the water's edge and stood frowning at the pier. Then he bent over and squinted under it. He straightened up, still frowning. Finally he stepped gingerly off the bank and waded out into the water above his knees, bending over to peer under the pier again. Then he stood up, his frown deepening, and scratched his jaw.

Peter came down to the end of the path. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

His father sighed. "This thing needs reinforcing," he said. "It's getting shaky." He pushed against the pier with his shoulder, and the boards creaked noisily. Peter stooped and looked under the pier. Then he stepped on it, shaking it with his foot, and it wobbled under his weight. "That's what I mean," his father said. He shook his head sadly. "It's pretty far gone, I'm afraid."

For a moment, Peter studied the pier in silence. Then he kicked off his moccasins and slid into the water next to his father, examining the underside of the boards. "Well, now, maybe not," he said finally, "maybe not."

"Maybe not what?" his father asked, looking at him curiously.

"Maybe it's not too far gone," Peter suggested.

His father bent over alongside him. "How do you mean?" he said. "It looks shot to me." But the usual tone of authority was missing from his voice. He kept looking at Peter, who was testing the underside of the pier.

Finally Peter straightened up, dusting off his fingers. "We could cross-brace it," he said.

"Cross-brace it?"

"Like this," Peter said, crossing his wrists in an X. "It would steady it both ways. Did you bring a saw?"

"A saw?" his father repeated, surprised. "No, I don't think so."

Peter turned, as if to go after one, but his father scrambled out of the water ahead of him. "No, wait there," he said, "I'll get it." He went up to the garage almost at a trot, and when he came back he was whistling. He grinned at Peter, and Peter grinned back at him as he came splashing into the water. He handed Peter the saw and then rubbed his hands together briskly. "Okay," he said, his grin widening. "Where do we start?"

They stooped and went in under the pier and for over an hour they worked together, their voices and their hammering echoing hollowly between the water and the boards.

Finally the man crawled out and pulled himself up on the bank. He

pushed against the pier with his foot. It resisted solidly. "Like a rock!"

Peter joined him, the hammer still in his hand, and tested the pier. "Not bad," he said, trying to hide his satisfaction.

"Solid as a rock!" his father repeated, hiding nothing. He pushed the pier again. "That's a good job, Pete, a darn good job."

Peter pointed at the line of piers down the shore of the bay. "Maybe we ought to go into the business," he said.

His father laughed. "Emily," his father called up to the house, "can you come down here a minute? I want to show you something." He winked at Peter. "And bring some Cokes—there are a couple of thirsty men here!"

AT dinner that night Peter brought out for the first time the stool he'd made in Alex's workshop. Everyone admired it, and his father insisted that he wanted it for his study back in the city.

After dinner they all went into town to the movies, and when they came home they sat up until after midnight, talking. And sometime during the day—Peter couldn't remember whether it was when he and his father were crouched under the pier together, or when everybody was talking at once around the dinner table, or, later in the night, when he was sitting in the movies and sensed his family beside him in the dark—but sometime during that time his loneliness had left him.

Nor did it return the next day, as he worked with Alex in the boathouse. He felt now it never would return, because now he knew what his mistake had been. He had been trying to make wholes of each of the parts of his life, instead of making all the parts into one whole.

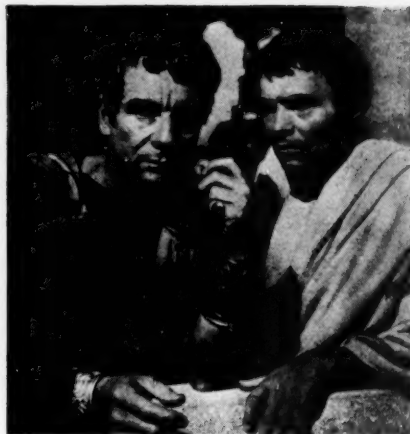
He had been dividing, instead of adding. But now he knew that it wasn't necessary to accept one way of life and reject all the others. He could put the best elements of each together and make a whole new world for himself, a world in which he would truly belong.

At least he could try, he thought, as he lay in his bed one night near the end of summer, listening to the rain falling lightly on the sleeping island. It was, after all, up to him. He had to do it himself and not just drift along petulantly, expecting it to be done for him. That was the secret, he realized, bunching his pillow up under his head; you had to do it yourself.

Outside, it went on raining gently, but Peter could tell from the direction of the wind that in the morning the sun would be shining.



1. Caesar (Louis Calhern, left) marches triumphantly through the streets of Rome with Mark Antony (Marlon Brando, center) and Caesar's wife, Calpurnia (Greer Garson, right). Seeing Cassius on a balcony (see sc. 2), Caesar declares: "Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much; such men are dangerous." A soothsayer pushes through the crowd and cries, "Caesar! Beware the Ides of March!"



2. Cassius (John Gielgud, left) and Brutus (James Mason) watch with growing apprehension as the crowds cheer Caesar. Brutus: "What means this shouting? I do fear the people choose Caesar for their king . . . I would not [have it so] . . ."



JULIUS CAESAR

A LONG-STANDING challenge was tackled this year when M-G-M brought Shakespeare's drama of *Julius Caesar* to the screen. This film proves a point—that a powerful play is a powerful play in any day or any medium. Shakespeare's time-tested lines will hold your attention with all the excitement of a first-rate modern script.

This production calls on an all-star cast: Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, Louis Calhern, Edmond O'Brien, Greer Garson, and Deborah Kerr. And though you think you know the story of *Julius Caesar* inside out, you're still in for new discoveries. For director Joe Mankiewicz (*A Letter to Three Wives* and *All About Eve*) has filmed the play with an abundance of close-up shots. They help to uncover in a new and dramatic way the motives behind the actions of the story. (Scene II above is an example. In the tense expressions of Brutus and Cassius lie the seeds of the bloody deeds to come.)



3. Brutus and Cassius lead a group of senators into a plot to kill Caesar. The evening before the deed, Brutus's wife, Portia (Deborah Kerr, above) senses her husband's tenseness, pleads that he tell her his secret. He promises, but fate intervenes.



5. Civil war opens between the forces of Antony and those of Brutus and Cassius. Alone in his tent one night, Brutus sees a ghost, a foreboding of disaster to come to him and his cause.

6. The crucial battle goes against the conspirators. Their forces are ambushed and routed. Rather than be taken captive and led through the streets of Rome, both Brutus and Cassius choose to take their own lives.



4. "Friends, Romans, countrymen . . ." The deed is done; on the Ides (15th) of March Caesar is stabbed to death in the senate. His trusted friend Mark Antony takes his cause to the people of Rome. In a moving speech Antony stirs the populace to such a pitch of fury that the conspirators are forced to flee from the city.

7. Antony (right) and Octavius bid Brutus farewell: "This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the conspirators, save only he, did what they did in envy of great Caesar . . . His [Brutus'] life was gentle . . . So that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"





Baseball in Verse

POEMS about sports are hard to find. That is, good ones. By good sports poems we mean those that stir your imaginations and feelings. Only sports poems with this quality have stood the test of time.

"Casey at the Bat" is an example. The story that Ernest Thayer wrote into a poem in 1888 has become a folk legend of our country. And it's easy to see why. In reading it, you can smell the dust of the diamond and see the fire in Casey's eye.

Casey at the Bat

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but one inning left to play.
So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter was a fake.
So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat;
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all.
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell—
It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped;
"That ain't my style," said Casey.
"Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on the stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

But the American public wouldn't accept a defeated Casey. Every baseball fan counts on "another game tomorrow." So a number of rhymsters rallied to Casey's cause. One of the best known of these is sports-writer Grantland Rice.

Rice's poem, titled "Casey's Revenge," tells how the fallen hero was forsaken and scorned for weeks.

Then one day his chance came—the pitcher who struck him out returned to Mudville for a game.

It's the ninth inning with Mudville behind 1 to 4. Three men on base. Casey comes to bat:

Casey's Revenge

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose—
across the plate it sped—
Another hiss—another groan—"Strike one," the umpire said.
Zip! Like a shot the second curve broke just below his knee—
"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud—but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot;
But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot?
A whack—a crack—and out through space the leather pellet flew:
A blot against the distant sky—a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in centre field in rapid whirling flight
The sphere sailed on—the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight;
Ten thousand hats were thrown in air—ten thousand threw a fit—
But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,
And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun;
And somewhere over blighted loves there hangs a heavy pall;
But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball.



Caval QUIZ

• Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion
Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME _____

CLASS _____ OCTOBER, 1953

Focus on Reading

Quick Quiz

The Smuggler (p. 3)

A. Check the word (or words) which correctly complete each of the following sentences. Count 5 points for each correct answer.

1. Tasso told the Great Man that his occupation was that of a

- ___a. fisherman.
- ___b. spy.
- ___c. football player.

2. The Great Man suspected Tasso of

- ___a. theft.
- ___b. smuggling.
- ___c. murder.

3. Tasso gave himself away by

- ___a. wearing a fresh rose in his lapel.
- ___b. knowing the result of the National football game.
- ___c. smoking an American cigarette.

4. Tasso owed his life to

- ___a. the whim of the dictator, and the dictator's desire to save his own skin.
- ___b. the knife hidden under his jacket.
- ___c. the sympathy of a jury of islanders.

My score _____

B. For You to Discuss

What kind of government does the Great Man represent? In what ways does such a government differ from a democracy? Do you think that it is all right for one man to have the power of life or death over a group of people? Or is the power of life or death too important to be placed in the hands of one man? Does it matter how he uses that power?

Island Summer (p. 10)

A. Count five points for each correct answer.

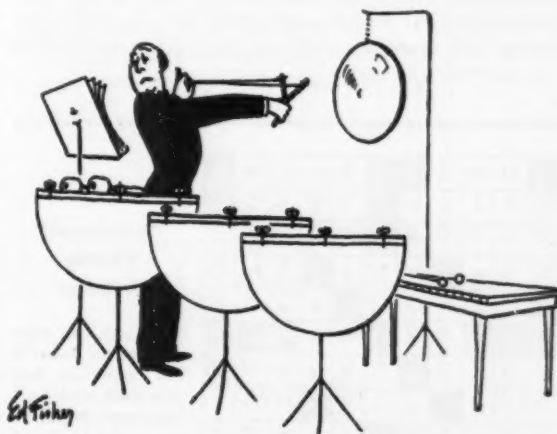
1. Check the items below which attracted Peter to the family at Galleon Bay.

- ___a. their interest in art, music, and literature.
- ___b. the expertly cooked meals they served him.
- ___c. their gaiety and informality.
- ___d. their enthusiasm for baseball.

2. Check the quotation which best explains the "secret" Peter learned from his acquaintance with the Galleon Bay family.

- ___a. "But now he knew that it wasn't necessary to accept one way of life and reject all others. He could put the best elements of each together, and make a whole new world for himself."
- ___b. "At sixteen it is difficult not to run when everyone else does."
- ___c. "There were no special cases in his father's file, he thought. For him the world was made up entirely of standardized types."

My score _____



By Ed Fisher in Saturday Review of Literature

OCTOBER, 1953

B. For You to Discuss

Have you ever developed new friends and interests which had the effect of making you critical of your own family? In what ways can such an experience be desirable? For what reasons did Peter decide after an experience of this kind that he had been too hard on his parents? Did you agree with his conclusions?

Spy-Catcher (p. 33)

A. Check the fact which "gave away" the spy in each of the following situations described in *Spy-Catcher*. Count five points for each correct answer.

1. One of four spies was missing after three had been captured in an attempt to land on the cliffs of the English coast.

___a. A thorough search was made of the nearby caves.

___b. There were thirteen searchers.

2. Three young men were posing as Belgian businessmen.

___a. One did not know the name of a hotel on the main street of Brussels.

___b. One was wearing a tie labeled "Selfridges, Oxford Street, London, W. 1."

3. An old woman was carrying a message across the border.

___a. She looked alarmed when the inspector began tossing one of her eggs in the air.

___b. One of her shoes had a secret compartment in the heel which made a hollow sound as she walked.

My score _____

B. For You to Discuss

On the basis of the spy-catching incidents related by Col. Pinto, how would you describe the man who would make the ideal spy-catcher? Do you think such a man would be successful in most other walks of life? Why or why not? What qualities of the "ideal spy-catcher" do you particularly admire? Are there any which you do not admire? Explain your answer.

**Crossword
Puzzle
Answer**

Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on page 4-C of Cavalquiz.

Composition Capers**Digging for Gold**

What's your greatest stumbling block when you sit down to write? If you're like most people, the first big hurdle is FINDING AN IDEA TO WRITE ABOUT. "I just can't think of anything" is a familiar cry.

But hold on! The fact is that the experiences you've had *this week* could provide material for any number of top-notch short stories, essays, and poems! You could even write a novel about the things that have happened to you in the past seven days—no matter how ordinary they may seem at first glance. Your problem is not that you "have nothing to write about"; what you need to do is to spot the possibilities in the numerous things you *do* have to write about.

Luck Is with You

Many people will tell you that you should stick to your own experience. That's good advice, for you're likely to be most successful with material you know firsthand. Two of the student writers whose work appears in this issue ("Cavalcade Firsts," p. 23) followed this advice with good results. Ben Falcigno, author of "Venture Under the Sea," and Jean Hall, author of "Last-Minute Girl," based their essay and story on experiences that actually happened to them. Ben wrote about a diving trip he took. Jean turned the common experience of baby-sitting into a story.

In writing from their own experience, both Ben and Jean had two advantages: (1) Their accounts "came naturally," sounded realistic; (2) They could call on a host of accurate details to round out their writing and make it lively. Jean would probably have done a poor job if she'd tried to describe skin diving; Ben might not have been too convincing if he'd written a story about a girl who was going baby-sitting. But because each of these writers chose a theme he really knew something about, each wrote a piece we considered worth publishing.

Facts vs. Fiction

If something unusual or particularly interesting has happened to you, you can often stick to the straight facts of your experience—as Ben did in "Venture Under the Sea." The events Ben describes are so interesting in themselves that almost all he had to do was put them down in order.

But don't feel that "writing from experience" means that you must stick to actual facts. Many creative writers use their experience merely as a stepping-off point. Beginning with characters they know and situations familiar to them, they let their imaginations take over from there.

This is what Jean Hall did in "Last-Minute Girl." Jean knew the setting and characters in this story from her own experience as a baby-sitter. The plot itself is the product of her imagination.

It's All in the Point of View

No matter how ordinary and unexciting your own experiences may seem, you can do what Jean did. Very likely her story idea came to her one day when she was being driven to a baby-sitting appointment. Maybe she passed a neighborhood friend who blinked in surprise at seeing Jean drive

off with a handsome young man. That may have set Jean chuckling and thinking, "What if I looked at this experience from a different point of view?"

It would be hopeless for you to try to write about something that no other person in the world has ever written about. There's hardly such a thing as a *new* idea in writing. Even Shakespeare used familiar plots and characters. But Shakespeare is still "new" after over 300 years, and good writing is always "new" at any time, because of the way the writer *interprets* familiar experiences. That's why your problem in thinking of something to write about is not the problem of finding a "new idea," but of hitting upon an interesting *point of view* from which to treat what may be a very common, unexciting subject.

The cartoon below is a good example of what *point of view* can do to facts. Each of the sketches shows the same car. But it looks as though there are five different cars—for we see this one car from five different points of view.

It's All in Your Point of View Your CAR as seen by . . .



... the advertising agency



... you after the first scratch



... you when the new model comes out



... you when trading it in



... your dealer when trading it in

By Jo Spier in Collier's

First Love

As a "test run," let's see what you can do with the idea of your "first love." Like the automobile in the cartoon above, this experience in your life could be seen from a number of different viewpoints: your own (at the time, and now); your parents'; the boy's (or girl's) you thought you were in love with; your best friend's; your kid brother's, etc.

Decide on the point of view that will be most appropriate to your particular "first love" story. Then think of the kinds of details that will make the story "come alive." What was she (or he) like? (A curly blonde with a peaches-and-cream complexion—just turned ten? Your older sister's boy friend, complete with a Ronald Coleman mustache?) When and how did disillusion set in? (When the little blonde turned eleven, and had grown fat from eating too many chocolate sundaes? When you suddenly realized that you really preferred the freckle-faced boy next door to your sister's boy friend?) What did the experience of your "first love" do to you? (Help you to see yourself more clearly? Provide you

Eavesdropping

eavesdrop. The questionable habit of *eavesdropping* gets its name—oddly enough—from a piece of land.

In England, in the days of the Saxons, farmers tried to plant crops on every available square foot of land. But they found that they could not plant on the land immediately surrounding their houses, due to the drippings from the eaves. Thus the small strip of land immediately bordering the sides of a house became known as the "eavesdrip."

The eavesdropper was first thought of as someone who listened in on others' conversations from the outside, through a window. To get near enough to the window to overhear what was being said, he had to stand upon the "eavesdrip"—hence he was called an "eavesdropper." The word later became *eavesdropper*.



with chuckles later on? Open up new interests and ambitions?)

You take it from here! These questions will start you thinking in the right direction, but in the final analysis, the story of your "first love" is *your* story. It is in your own experience that you will find the right point of view, the right details, for the essay or story that you can write on this subject. So first start thinking—then start writing. And when you've added that last finishing touch, why not send the final product to "Cavalcade Firsts"?

Have Fun With Words

You the Critic

As a new school year begins, it's open season on book reports. Each of the following words taken from this issue of *Literary Cavalcade* might help you to "speak your mind" about a book the next time you write a report.

I. Match the words in *Column I* with their correct definitions in *Column II* by placing the *letters* of the appropriate *Column II* definitions opposite the numbers of the *Column I* words. Count five points for each. Total: 50.

Column I

- 1. conventional
(p. 24, col. 1)
- 2. novice
(p. 24, col. 2)
- 3. abstract
(p. 15, col. 1)
- 4. pungent
(p. 12, col. 3)
- 5. terminology
(p. 14, col. 2)
- 6. whimsical
(pp. 6-7)
- 7. unorthodox
(pp. 6-7)

Column II

- a. almost too smooth and easy
- b. full of imaginative notions and whims
- c. irregular, lacking direction
- d. group of terms
- e. unoriginal, stylized
- f. beginner, neophyte
- g. inspiring favor, good will

8. glib h. not concrete, theoretical
(p. 35, col. 3)
9. ingratiating i. sharply expressive, penetrating
(p. 35, col. 3)
10. erratic j. not according to established principles
(pp. 6-7)

My score _____

Put Words to Work

II. First correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the sentences below a word from Column I, Section I, which fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. Count five points for each sentence. Total: 50.

1. With four successful books to his credit, Mr. Hemingbeck is no _____ in the literary field. (*amateur, apprentice*)
2. Mr. Hemingbeck's preface was too _____ for the taste of this reviewer. (*fanciful, capricious*)
3. The central character is a dishonest but _____ politician. (*winning, appealing*)

4. A highlight of the novel is the author's _____ comments on the political scene. (*piercing, stimulating*)

5. Mr. Hemingbeck's plot was _____, but expertly handled. (*standardized, not out of the ordinary*)

6. At times Mr. Hemingbeck is too much given to _____ digressions. (*Having no particular basis, abstruse*)

7. While Mr. Hemingbeck's style is occasionally _____, his best passages reveal a master's touch. (*uneven, inconsistent*)

8. Many people will object to the author's _____ approach to his theme. (*unconventional*)

9. The writer handles technical subjects without becoming involved in complicated _____. (*special names for certain things*)

10. Like many authors who write swiftly and easily, Mr. Hemingbeck is sometimes too _____. (*facile, overly slick*)

My score _____

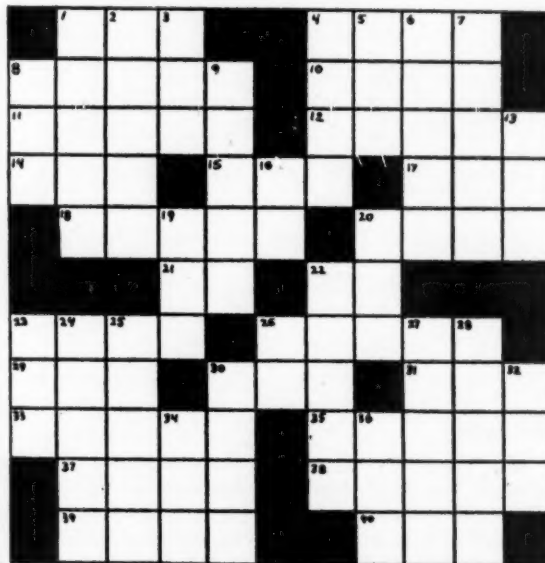
My total score _____

ACROSS

- * 1. "_____ men are created equal."
4. "The world must be _____ safe for democracy."—President Wilson.
8. An early American flag shows a snake and motto: "Don't _____ on me."
10. Russian mountain chain.
11. "You may fire when _____."—Adm. Dewey.
12. Common _____, title of Revolutionary War pamphlet by Tom Paine.
14. Lodging for travelers.
15. Collection of tools.
17. Performed.
18. A common flower.
20. "Don't fire until you see the whites of their _____."—Prescott.
21. Exists.
22. Senior (*abbrev.*).
23. General McAuliffe's reply to the Nazi general—World War II.
26. "Columbia, the gem of the _____!"
29. "_____ nation, indivisible, with liberty . . ."
30. Irish Republ. Army (*init.*).
31. "All _____ are created equal."
33. "These are the _____ that try men's souls."—Paine.
35. "_____ and the home of the _____."
37. Precious stone.
38. Of a particular length.
39. "The world will little _____ nor long remember what we say here."—Lincoln.
40. Each.

DOWN

1. Scene of athletic contests.
2. Inclines.
3. Young man.
4. "Then conquer we _____; For our cause it is just."
5. "We have met the enemy and they _____ ours."—Comm. Perry, 1812.
6. Patriotic song of the Revolution had the refrain "Yankee Doodle _____."
7. Girl's name now associated with a well-advertised cow.
8. Prefix meaning "three."
9. Embankments for protection against floods.
13. Editors (*abbrev.*).
16. Internal Revenue (*initials*).
19. "My country, _____ of thee, Sweet land of liberty."
20. Before (*poetic term*).
22. Crusts formed over sores.
23. "Millions for defense, but _____ one cent for tribute."
24. "Liberty and _____, now and forever, one and inseparable!"—Daniel Webster.
25. Speed at which a musical piece is played.
26. Either.
27. Astonish.
28. "There _____ was a good war or a bad peace"—Benjamin Franklin.
30. An island.
32. Nickname for Edward.
34. Take in food.
36. Tear.

"America, America"

• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) all come from statements made by famous Americans. See how many of these starred words (there are 20) you can get. Allow yourself 3 points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 12 points if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you would have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 2-C, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?

Cavalcade Firsts 1953

By YOUNG WRITERS

A Scholastic Writing Awards Presentation

The author of this light-hearted short story won a National Honorable Mention in Short Story in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards. When you read her story, you'll see that she found the idea for it in the sort of experience that is familiar to most high school students—and that you, too, might write about. If you'd like to see your own work in print, be sure to read the notice below on this page about how to send your entries to CAVALCADE FIRSTS.

KATHY Roberts came down the carpeted stairs daintily, regally, with all the *savoir faire* of a young lady who knows she is dressed to the limit. She wanted to float down the stairs, but gave up that idea when she tripped over three P-80's and her young brother Joe on the bottom steps.

"With a room of your own," she said, giving him a glance of sisterly superiority, "with a big basement, a yard, and a garage, you have to build models on the stairway."

"Hey, Mom," shrieked Joe, his voice carrying well into the living room. "She's wearing your new shoes, the ones with the real high heels."

"I'm well aware of it, Joe," his mother said calmly. "And please take that junk out on the porch. Let's see you, Kathy."

"May I take your white coat too, Mother? Please, just this once? You sort of half-promised."

Her mother's sigh indicated that things might be going a little too far.

"After all, Kathy, aren't you just a bit too dressed up for—"

"Oh honestly, Mother! You usually

After reading Jean Hall's story, you should not be surprised to learn that Jean is a veteran baby-sitter. She enjoys children, and first became interested in writing when she found that a young cousin got a kick out of the stories Jean told her. At James Hillhouse H. S. in New Haven, Jean was editor-in-chief of the senior classbook and a student council representative. She hopes to become a dental hygienist and teach oral hygiene in grammar school.



say I'm too sloppy; Now that I want to get dressed up for a change—"

Mrs. Robert's sigh was acquiescent. "All right, Kathy, you may take the white coat, but just this one time."

Joe came in from the front porch, neatly catching the screen door with his heel. "Get going," he urged, thumb over shoulder. "He's here."

Kathy caught a fleeting glance of herself in the hall mirror. Everything was perfect.

"Bye, Mother," she called absently. Walk calmly, float if possible—no P-80's. Three steps down to the street. Oh, brother, what a beautiful car! Hanky? Compact? Mirror? For Pete's sake, stop clutching at yourself like that. He sees you now. Float!

"Hi, Kathy. Sorry I'm a little late." Dick Ledin eased the hood down on the car. He looked vaguely puzzled. "Mice in the motor," he said. "At least it sounds like mice."

LAST-MINUTE GIRL

By Jean Hall

James Hillhouse H. S.
New Haven, Conn.
Teacher, Marion C. Sheridan

She fumbled at the car door. No catch. Don't be so darn clumsy. Then he was at her side.

"It's a trick," he said. "Here." The door swung open. "Sometimes I think the car designers overestimated themselves. Slide in."

The leather seat was unexpectedly cool, and Kathy squirmed delicately. He was walking around behind the car so she squirmed a little harder and was more comfortable.

"Some days everything seems to go wrong," Dick Ledin said. "Ever have that happen?" Kathy just nodded in complete agreement. "I think I've had my share today." He twisted his head sideways, and he smiled. "Swell of you to come like this. I hated to call you at the last minute, but, as I said, everything went wrong."

"Perfectly all right," Kathy managed. "I—I really didn't have anything

(Continued on page 26)

SEE YOURSELF IN PRINT

Welcome to CAVALCADE FIRSTS! We hope you enjoy the selections by fellow-students printed in this section of *Literary Cavalcade*. We like to think that one of these stories or poems will remind you of an idea you're had for a poem or essay or story—and that you'll write it down and send it to us. We're counting on each of you to become a Cavalcade First contributor.

This section of student writing in *Literary Cavalcade* was enlarged and given its present name; CAVALCADE FIRSTS, only last fall. It was received with such enthusiasm that it is continuing full force this year. Here's the way to send in your entry:

Clip out or copy the entry form on page 26 and attach it to your manuscript (you'll notice that both you and your teacher sign the form). Then mail your manuscript to the address given

on the entry form. (Similar forms will run in future issues.)

All contributions will be considered for publication as CAVALCADE FIRSTS. If your entry fulfills the requirements of the rules for the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards (see page 27) it will also be automatically considered for national honor at the end of the school year, whether or not it was published as a CAVALCADE FIRST.

Each manuscript sent us will be read with great care and interest by the editors. We are sorry that we cannot offer individual criticism, nor can we return manuscripts (so remember not to send your precious one-and-only copy—keep a carbon). You will, however, receive a card from us letting you know that your entry has arrived safely.

Let us hear from you!

—THE EDITORS

VENTURE UNDER THE SEA

By Benjamin Falcigno

Nott Terrace H. S.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Teacher, Alice M. Abel

Benjamin Falcigno says that he likes "all outdoor sports—especially fishing." During his four years at Nott H. S. in Schenectady, Ben was also active in debate and drama. He appeared in the senior play and school talent show, and did some radio acting outside of school. This fall, Ben begins his pre-law studies at Union College in Schenectady.



Ben Falcigno pulled down a National Commendation in Essay in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards for this absorbing piece on "skin diving." Boys—and plenty of girls, too—are sure to find his experience interesting.

WHILE there are many millions of conventional rod-and-reel fishermen, there are comparatively only a handful of underwater spear-fishermen. I recently had the pleasure of joining this ever-increasing number of denizens of the deep.

This experience began one morning at three a.m. with a brisk shove.

"Roll out!" came a voice from somewhere above.

"Mmmm," I muttered as I pulled the pillow over my ears. "In a minute."

Ten minutes later, if you were a street light, you would have seen six boys scramble into a station wagon amid a pile of rubber fins and masks, metal air tanks, aluminum guns, spears, a box of tools, and a variety of medicines and powders.

You would have seen these same six boys having breakfast a half-hour later at an all-night eatery. A hundred miles and two hours later, they would have turned down a dirt road leading to the docks of a small fishing town on one of Florida's numerous keys.

By now the sun was just beginning to send its feelers over the horizon, announcing the approaching dawn.

"Everybody fork up a dime for ice." That's the way this whole trip was run—on a collective basis. A dollar per head for gas, a dollar and a half per head for the boat, ten cents for ice. Luckily breakfast wasn't billed collectively, for one of the boys, affectionately known as "Little Pete," put away three eggs, sausages, a bowl of grits, and a huge assortment of supplements

before I had finished just one waffle.

An early morning chill hovered in the air. This was a good sign for it foretold fair weather for our venture. In our enthusiasm, we woke the proprietor of the boat-renting establishment, who told us vociferously to "pipe down." We would have to wait another twenty minutes before it would be light enough to see our way out through the channel. So we took this opportunity to change into our bathing trunks and stow the gear aboard a roomy dinghy. The remaining minutes were spent admiring two large sand sharks which had been made fast to a small yacht.

By the time we put out in our sturdy outboard, it was after seven, and we had close to three knots to make before we could throw anchor on the lighthouse reef. To be successful, spear-fishing must be done when the sun is high and penetrates the bluish-green water, making it crystal clear.

It was nine o'clock before we drew up some hundred yards from the lighthouse and cast off anchor. Immediately, three boys were over the side, scouting the reef near the boat in a radius of about a hundred feet. Right here I would like to explain my position on this adventure. I was strictly a novice in this frogman's fantasy. I had seen pictures of the sport once, and I had seen an underwater demolition team in a war movie. Beyond that, I once read a few paragraphs from one of Jules Verne's novels.

It was no wonder, then, that I was filled with apprehension when one of the scouts shouted, "School of barracuda," and another shouted, "Three small sharks." I would just as soon have stayed in the boat and played nursemaid to the equipment. But soon, as I watched a two-foot grouper being stalked, and as I helped boat it, the fervor that the others had for this hunt gripped me, too, and before I knew it I was looking for the fins I had thrown under the seat. Then I was sliding over the side and gliding swiftly in and out of weird coral growths, twenty feet down, armed with a deadly spear gun.

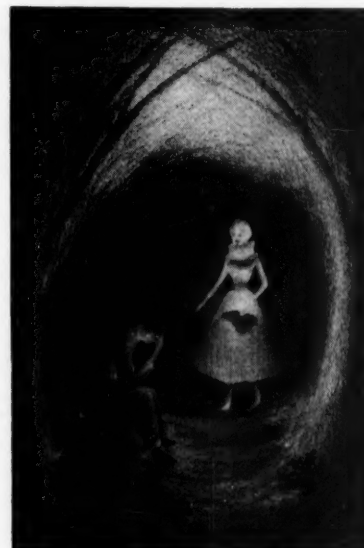
There are many types of spear guns, and the one that I was using is made of aluminum. The four-foot, steel spear

fits into a shaft at the top of the gun. It takes a powerful arm to stretch the three surgical rubber tubes to twice their regular length. The front end of parallel rubber tubes is connected to the front of the gun's frame. On the other end of the tubes is a hook which catches the end of the spear. There is a small hole about four inches from the blunt end of the spear, where a spike connected to the trigger is inserted. When the trigger is pulled, the spike is forced down, leaving the spear free to be ejected with terrific impact by the stretched rubber tubes. A safety catch prevents accidental release of the spear.

A reel is attached to the underside of the gun, which plays out steel wire connected to the end of the spear. There are two barbs just behind the point of the spear which open after the spear has passed through whatever has been unfortunate enough to get in its way. A spear gun is no plaything.

The standard procedure for "skin diving" (diving without aid of artificial breathing apparatus) is to skim the surface, head down, looking for fish. When one is sighted, the hunter follows it, still on the surface, to wherever it may stop, usually in a coral cave or formation. Then the diver goes down after it.

An inexperienced diver, even though he may be able to hold his breath for a minute or two under water in the bathtub, will find that thirty seconds is an eternity when pursuing game twenty or more feet under the surface. Therefore, the shot must be quick and accurate, for there is usually no second chance. If you are fortunate enough to



Colored pencil drawing by Diane Bull, Cass Tech H. S., Detroit, Michigan, won award, 1953 Scholastic Art Awards.

own an "aqua-lung" or some similar breathing apparatus, one air tube strapped to your back will afford close to a half-hour's continual use. Two of the boys in our outfit had these devices.

I found that it is no easy trick to operate a spear-gun efficiently, even at a range of a few feet. One must literally "rub noses" with the prey before an accurate shot can be made, and it seemed that those fish that I pursued were always a little too far away or just a trifle to the left or right. At any rate, of the total of fifty pounds of meat we took in, I could not claim a single edible creature. However, I managed to add a small defenseless remora which I found clinging to a twelve-pound grouper that I hauled on board for one of the boys. The remora, better known as the shark's "pilot-fish," is a small, pointed-nosed guide which can fasten himself to anything with his rough tentacles. I put him against my leg and he seemed content to pretend I was his fellow-animal.

After what seemed like a day, but what must have been an hour and a half, I suddenly realized that I was famished. This sport, though somewhat dangerous, is healthful. We took five minutes to devour some twenty sandwiches, a dozen hard-boiled eggs, two cakes, a bunch of carrots, a stalk of celery, and a bagful of bananas. Then, since we could not re-enter the water so soon after eating, we decided to pay our respects to the lighthouse.

The two men keepers were only too happy to have us visit them, and we later joined them in a sort of diving exhibition from a platform twenty feet from the water. We found the reefs immediately surrounding the lighthouse teeming with barracuda. As I watched, three or four of them were added to our collection in the boat.

By now it was past noon. We thought that it would be best to start home, perhaps stopping under one of the bridges of the overseas highway to see if we could add a few crawfish for our next day's meal. But by the time we reached the bridge, the tide was going out and the water was becoming dirty and cold. Since none of us had an excess of energy, we headed back to the docks.

We reached home at eight o'clock. Before I fell into bed, I looked at my countenance in the mirror. My hair was caked with salt, my face had a ruddy burn, my limbs ached, my body was exhausted, I hadn't been successful in my fishing venture, and I hardly had enough strength to drag myself to bed. But I knew right then that if someone had tapped me on the shoulder at three o'clock the following morning, I would have been ready in a minute.



Black Ink Drawing by Geeming Lin, Roosevelt High School, Washington, D. C., won an award in the 1953 Scholastic Art Awards. Shown regionally at Jelleff, Inc.

Gull

By Jane Weart

Mamaroneck H. S.
Larchmont, N. Y.
Teacher, Dorothy Clark

Here's a delightful little poem that came to CAVALCADE FIRSTS during the summer. Perhaps you've watched a gull yourself, and toyed with making a poem something like this.

Soar, gull!
Ride the wind;
Dip to the green sea;
Swoop up to a cloud,
Happy, free,
For the sky is yours.

Soliloquy on a Train

By Prudence Schwabe

Washington Irving H. S.
New York City
Teacher, Ethel A. Stiles

This is one of the poems for which Prudence received a National Honorable Mention in Poetry in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards.

My little dog, you're heavier than I thought
You're quite a furry millstone in my arms.
For these two hours I've wished that I had sought
A baggage-car to hold your canine charms.

How irritating this business can be
Of holding one small dog upon one's lap.
I'd hoped to meet young soldiers two or three;
But while I struggle they pretend to nap.

Well, look, that handsome private's stopped to help
He's pulled your tail from under that fat man;
And now he's talking; puppy, if you yelp:
"My name is Pru, and yours? Yes, sit down, Dan."

"Why, yes, she does some tricks. Cindy, sit up!
Oh, yes, I just love traveling with a pup!"

Campers' Hero

By Betsy DuBois

Evanston (Ill.) Township H. S.
Teacher, Mary L. Taft

This charming poem about a camp counselor—and two admirers—is one of those for which Betsy received a National Honorable Mention in Poetry in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards.

You've told them how to prop the tree
You've shown them the way to swing the ax
And now you're chopping—biting strokes
That split the pine with lusty hacks.

They stand—dark pigtailed drooping down
And peer up in absorbed inspection,
Half unbelieving, half impressed
That you control the trunk's direction.

In two more strokes they'll see the break,
Can you predict that final smash?
Did you guess right, or will they laugh
As you, confused, miscall the crash?

The last blow clean—a splintered crack
The branches swing, the thick trunk flies.
The pigtailed pair leap on the stump,
Respect is shining in brown eyes.

Last-Minute Girl

(Continued from page 23)

planned." Then she added hastily, "I mean, anything that I couldn't get out of."

Dick looked over at her, "Well, I appreciate it. And I might add that you look very nice tonight, exceptionally nice."

"Oh, I'm really thrown together, just sort of pitched in a heap," she said excitedly.

"A very pretty heap," coaxed Dick. "And I seriously hope you didn't break a date just because I called."

"Well," Kathy answered cagily, "I did have a little trouble, but I think it will work out all right." She was thinking how she and her best "girl friend" had planned to spend the evening at the down-town movie. Maybe they could drive past the "gang's" favorite drug store. It was a possibility, but Kathy could think of no way to suggest it. Dick stopped for a stoplight; his lean, brown hands slid around the wheel confidently. Two boys Kathy knew careened around the corner on a noisy motor scooter, weaving nimbly through the traffic. Beside her, Dick laughed suddenly.

"I'd probably have given my right arm for one of those things at that age," he said.

"I simply refuse to ride on them," said Kathy definitely. "Those boys are complete idiots."

"Well, I don't think I'd have the nerve to ride on one myself now," Dick replied.

She wished he wouldn't talk that way; it made her feel ridiculously young. There wasn't really that much difference in their ages. He was maybe

thirty-one. Thirteen years. Of course, when she was thirty-one he would be forty-four, and that was shudderingly ancient!

The stoplight clicked amber, and her mind clicked with it. Suppose he turned out towards the highway, the cool, moon-washed highway, with the many bright lights. Suppose he leaned toward her and said, "Just the two of us, Kathy—out into the night, on and on under the stars."

THEN the light flicked green and Kathy's heart capsized. He did turn out toward the moon-washed highway—and he did lean towards her. But he didn't say anything about stars. Or "on and on."

"Got to stop a minute at the Parkway; hope you don't mind." Dick slowed down at the first long line of stores on the Parkway.

"Well, first break today. A parking place right where I want it," said Dick.

Waydig's, the florist! The super, super Waydig florist! She watched him through the big plate glass window as he took the transparent box and came out toward the car.

A Waydig orchid! Through the rear-view mirror she saw him place the box carefully in the luggage compartment. That incredible super Waydig orchid.

"A little surprise," he said, sliding under the wheel. "After all, this is a pretty special occasion." His smile was conspiratorial, intimate.

Kathy's mind spun slowly and deliciously as they glided back along the highway. The car's motion ceased so gradually that she hardly realized they had reached the big white house.

"You go on in, Kathy. I'll only be a minute. Mother is there on the porch."

The tall white-haired lady—handsome, kind, and amiable—came across the porch smiling.

"Kathy, my dear, we're so happy you could come; but let's go inside where it's cooler."

"I was glad I could make it, Mrs. Ledin." They moved through the wide doorway.

Mrs. Ledin went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Helen, Kathy is here."

A blonde girl appeared at the head of the stairs and called down, "Hi, Kathy, sorry about the late notice. Dick felt horrible about calling, but I suppose you heard all about it; this has been one of those impossible days."

"That's what I heard," said Kathy. "They happen, I guess."

"Kathy, there are a couple of things—Oh, Dick! Orchids! Look, Mother; your son has gone completely mad! Dick, they're lovely."

"All right, you two," said Dick, smiling down at the blonde girl, "I'll take your word for it. Pin them on and let's go. I've ordered dinner for eight o'clock."

"Kathy, you probably think we're crazy," Helen said, "but it's Mother's birthday and our anniversary and—Listen, is that Jerry?"

"Look, Kathy," added Helen, "there's a piece of banana cream pie in the kitchen. We saved it especially for you. Help yourself to anything else. We'll see you later."

Kathy watched as they purred away in the big beautiful car, then walked slowly into the living room and picked up a gloomy-looking textbook.

After all, seventy-five cents an hour and banana cream pie on top of that wasn't bad. Not bad at all.

SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS ENTRY BLANK

DIVISION (Check JUNIOR or SENIOR) JUNIOR DIVISION ☐ SENIOR DIVISION ☐

Student _____
(Must be printed or typed)

Home Address _____

City _____ State _____

School _____

City _____ State _____

Principal _____ Teacher _____
(Please print or type) (Indicate Miss, Mrs., Mr.)

Student's age on March 1, 1954 _____ Grade _____

CLASSIFICATION OF ENTRY (Poetry, Short Story, etc.) _____

I hereby certify that this is my own original work.
(Anyone submitting plagiarized material is liable to prosecution under the law.)

Student's Signature

Approved, Teacher's Signature

Mail to: SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

You are cordially invited to enter the

1954

Scholastic Writing Awards

Now's the time to write that story or poem or essay that's been turning over in your head. Enter it in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards—the 29th annual awards program for high school students established by Scholastic Magazines.

Early entries will be eligible for publication in "Cavalcade Firsts" as well as for national judging. The May issue of LITERARY CAVALCADE, our Annual Awards Issue, will announce the winners and will be devoted completely to award-winning work. So send YOUR entry in NOW!

● WHO MAY ENTER?

All students in grades 9 through 12 enrolled in any public, private, or parochial school in the U.S. or its possessions are eligible for the Senior Division of the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards. (Students in grades 6, 7, and 8 are eligible for the Junior Division and may secure rules by writing to: Junior Scholastic, 33 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.) Students who will be graduated in January or February, 1954, may participate if the work is completed prior to graduation.

● NATIONAL AWARDS

Ten awards of \$25 each, plus a certificate of merit, will be given in each of the first four classifications. Five top awards of \$25, plus a certificate of merit, for classifications 5 and 6. Honorable Mention certificates in all classifications.

● JUDGING

Juries of outstanding authors, journalists, and educators will select the winners. High school principals will be notified shortly before the announcements appear in the May issue of *Literary Cavalcade*.

● SPECIAL NATIONAL AWARDS

The University of Pittsburgh offers a four-year tuition scholarship for a high school senior interested in creative-writing. The University of Idaho offers a one-year tuition scholarship for a senior from the Northwest. Apply early for application blanks for both universities.

A special award of \$50 will be made to a student whose entry best shows an appreciation of the need for unity and understanding among all religious and racial groups. The award will be made by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This theme may be treated directly or indirectly in all classifications.

CLASSIFICATIONS

1. **SHORT-SHORT STORY.** A very short story that concentrates on one central idea or situation, often with an unexpected or dramatic ending. Length: 1,000 words maximum. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25 each. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

2. **SHORT STORY.** Any narrative treatment of one or more characters. Length: 4,000 words maximum. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25 each. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

3. **INFORMAL ESSAY.** Any subject treated from a more or less personal standpoint. Your essay may cover an incident which has had an effect on your life. Or it may express your ideas—humorous or serious—about anything from a to z. Length: 1,500 words maximum. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25 each. At least 10 Honorable Mentions.

4. **POETRY.** All forms of verse, rhymed or free. Total of 50 lines

(either single poem or group of poems) minimum for single entry. Do not submit more than 200 lines. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25 each. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

5. **EXPOSITORY ARTICLE.** Any topic of general interest (news events, current problems, historical subjects, literature, education, etc.) treated from an objective point of view. The aim should be an analysis and critical evaluation of facts rather than the mere repetition of information. Length: 2,500 words maximum. National Awards: 5 first awards, \$25 each. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

6. **RADIO AND OTHER DRAMA.** An original radio or TV script or one-act play. Length: 3,500 words maximum. Shorter scripts preferred. National Awards: 5 first awards, \$25 each. At least 10 Honorable Mentions.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Any eligible student may enter any number of manuscripts in any and all classifications.

2. Do not enter any manuscript for the Awards if it has been entered in any other national competition.

3. Students may enter independently or in a group. Teachers are urged to make preliminary elimination before submitting a group.

4. Entries must be the work of individual students; joint authorship is not eligible.

5. Each manuscript must contain a front sheet on which is pasted or copied the Awards entry form. Be sure to fill out ALL the blanks.

6. Note the required statement on the entry form declaring that the work is ORIGINAL—signed by the student and by the teacher. Anyone who enters plagiarized (copied) material is liable to prosecution under the law. Entries will be re-checked for originality before awards are made.

7. Manuscripts should be typed or written legibly in ink, on one side

only of paper, size 8½ x 11 inches.

8. Send entries at any time during the school year up to the closing date, March 1, 1954. Mail to Scholastic Writing Awards, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

9. Mail all manuscripts FLAT (not folded or rolled) at the first class postage rate.

10. All manuscripts receiving national awards become the property of Scholastic Corporation, and no other use of them may be made without written permission.

11. No manuscripts will be returned. Remember to keep a carbon.

12. All students living in the following areas must submit entries before the regional closing date to these newspapers sponsoring Scholastic Writing Awards programs: Connecticut—Hartford Courant; southeastern Michigan—Detroit News; Capital district—Washington (D.C.) Evening Star. Regional winners will be included in the final national judging.

Scholastic Writing Awards are approved by the Contest Committee of the National Association of Secondary School Principals

*Maybe the test wasn't fair, but Jennie
wanted to know whether Joey really loved her*

THE TEST

A Radio Play

By JOSEPH RUSCOLL

Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy



CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER

NARRATOR

JOSEPH PIKE

JANET WAGSCHALL

JOEY (*Joseph as a boy*)

JENNIE (*Janet as a girl*)

MRS. RAND (*Jennie's mother*)

MR. RAND (*Jennie's father*)

MRS. PIKE (*Joey's stepmother*)

MR. PIKE (*Joey's father*)

ANNOUNCER: Our play takes place in a radio studio that in every respect is similar to any one of a thousand studios scattered throughout our land, but there is about this one something that is . . . well, different. There is nothing about the studio that will help us to identify the station by name. Our Narrator is about to interview a man and a woman who are standing before the microphone. This man and woman seem somehow to be unaware of each other's presence. At least no sign of recognition passes between them. The first voice we hear is that of the Narrator.

NARRATOR: What is your name, sir?

JOSEPH (*who seems tired and embittered*): My name is Joseph Pike. I am forty-five, married, six children, and I live in Denver, Colorado, with my wife Anna. I hate being forty-five, married, six children, and living in Denver, Colorado, with my wife Anna.

NARRATOR: What is your occupation?

JOSEPH: Salesman—bathroom fixtures.

NARRATOR: And you hate that, too?

JOSEPH: I hate that, too.

NARRATOR: And what do you love?

JOSEPH: I love New Haven, where I lived as a boy; Jennie Rand, whom I loved as a boy; and the boy.

NARRATOR: That was thirty years ago?

JOSEPH: That was yesterday. (*Sighs.*) I wish I was dead!

NARRATOR: All right, Joseph, that's all for the time being. And now you.

Reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright by Joseph Ruscoll. Originally produced on the Columbia Workshop over CBS. This play is included in *Plays from Radio*, by A. H. Lass, Earle L. McGill, and Donald Axelrod, published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Madam—a synopsis of yourself, please?

JANET: I am Mrs. Janet Wagschall.

NARRATOR: Formerly Jennie Rand?

JANET: Formerly Jennie Rand.

NARRATOR: Go ahead, please.

JANET: Now a childless widow—bit-ter, stout, middle-aged. Fall River, Mass., thirty years, but still a stranger to it—and to my husband Sam that was. New Haven's my home.

NARRATOR: When you were young . . . ?

Music: *Fade in a harmonica quietly playing "The Missouri Waltz" behind the following speeches.*

JANET (in a hushed, tremulous voice): His name was Joey. He played the harmonica. Joey Pike. And he never combed his hair. I've never loved anyone else—least of all Sam. (In a tragic whisper) Sometimes I wish I was dead!

NARRATOR: And you've never seen him since?

JANET: Never.

NARRATOR: And you really laughed once? And did your eyes flash and your teeth glisten?

JANET: I was pretty as a picture. He played "The Missouri Waltz." He always kept playing it.

NARRATOR: On his harmonica?

JANET: Yes. I was so happy then. His soul was full of music. And my heart was full of joy.

Music: *Comes up in volume and suddenly stops.*

JENNIE (Janet as a girl): Go on, Joey, finish it. (Trance-like)

JOEY (Joseph as a boy): Go home, Jennie. (Moodily)

JENNIE (standing her ground): I won't either.

JOEY (sighs): That's all there is—there ain't no more.

JENNIE (imploping): Please—play the rest of it—it's so lovely.

JOEY: Can't.

JENNIE: Why not?

JOEY: Makes me cry.

JENNIE: But not *always*.

JOEY: No.

JENNIE: You're sensitive, that's what.

JOEY: I know.

JENNIE: Are you in a mood?

JOEY: That's it.

JENNIE: Is it me again?

JOEY: Yes.

JENNIE: You like me very much?

JOEY: Yes.

JENNIE: So much that you close your eyes and stamp your feet and clench your fists and your teeth and *explode*—(Sighs.) And you love me even more than that?

JOEY (huskily): Yes, Jennie. More than that.

JENNIE: Then play that tune again.

JOEY: I—can't.

JENNIE: Is it Sam Wagschall again?

JOEY (writhing): Maybe.

JENNIE: Do you still get a pain in your chest when I walk to school with him?

JOEY: Maybe.

JENNIE: Then play. 'Cause I decided I don't like him at all. I only walk with him once in a while out of pity for him being such a dunce. Play, Joey. He's not sensitive like you. He thinks money's everything, and as soon as he finishes high school he's going to look for a job. Come on, Joey, start over. When I told him your philosophy—about just playing your harmonica through life, he laughed and called you looney. So you know what I did?

JOEY: What?

JENNIE: I *slapped* him.

JOEY (beaming): You did?

JENNIE: Cross my heart! Right in his face!

JOEY (gratefully — tremendously relieved): All right, Jennie—I'll play this one specially for you. . . . Some day I'm going to run away from home and go to Wyoming and play cowboy tunes on a horse. And I'll take you with me, Jennie . . . honest. . . .

Music: *He plays in full the haunting strains of the chorus of "The Missouri Waltz."*

JENNIE (at its close): You're a genius, Joey Pike! (Softly) And I do love you—very much. (It's too much for Joey. He begins to sob, quietly.) Don't cry, Joey. . . . Don't cry.

Music: *Musical transition, lasting about ten seconds, and fading out.*

NARRATOR: And that was thirty years ago?

JANET (sighs): That was yesterday.

NARRATOR: And you remember it so vividly?

JANET: Word for word.

NARRATOR: And you, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Word for word.

NARRATOR: Well, what about some early background? Your folks, for instance.

JANET: Joey's Pa ran a hardware store.

JOSEPH: Jennie's was a waiter.

JANET: Yes, but only now and then. Kept losing job after job so he could stay home and paint pictures. Poor Ma.

JOSEPH: She was a frost-bitten one all right.

JANET: Joey's Ma was dead, you know. Guess that's what helped make him so—sensitive. His step-ma tried pretty hard to win him over, but he wouldn't budge. Poor Joey.

NARRATOR: Well, let's get on with the story.

JANET: Then one day Sam Wagschall asked me to go to the school picnic with him, and when Joey heard about it,

why, *he* asked me, too. So I asked Ma and Pa for some advice, and both had different opinions. (Fading slightly) First I asked Ma, and she said right off: "Sam." . . .

MRS. RAND: Of course, go with Sam. I don't understand what you *see* in Joey. Why Joey?

JENNIE: I thought maybe because I love him.

MRS. RAND: Pshaw! It's that silly childish music of his got you hypnotized.

JENNIE: That, too.

MRS. RAND: That shiftless good-for-nothing! Why, even his own father gives him up as a bad loss, Joey refusing to help out in the store after school and all. At least *Sam's a hustler*; he'll always make a living—has a good paper route, and the other day Mrs. Wagschall was telling me he's got the offer of a job soon's he graduates. In a woolen mill where his uncle's a foreman—some-where in Massachusetts.

JENNIE: Fall River.

MRS. RAND: That's right. But Joey! The whole neighborhood knows how lazy *he* is. You're the only one that sees anything in him.

JENNIE (sighing): That's a fact.

MRS. RAND: What do you see in him?

JENNIE: A — a troubadour! That's what.

MRS. RAND: Fiddlesticks! The way he loaf around tootling that silly harmonica of his night and day. It was *different* when he was *small*; one made *allowances*—but now he's growing up you'd think he'd give up that nonsense—

JENNIE (hotly): People just don't understand him, Ma—he's—*constituted* different—

MRS. RAND: He reminds me too much of your father. What's Pa but a grown-up Joey?

JENNIE: That's true, Ma — never thought of it before.

MRS. RAND: *That* ought to be a lesson to you!

JENNIE: I don't know—maybe that's what I *like* about Joey.

MRS. RAND: Huh. You know the aggravation Pa's caused me. Some men drink, but he paints pictures. Loses every job he gets, because his mind ain't on his work. Many's the time I never knew where our next meal was coming from.

JANET (chuckling): Good old Pa!

MRS. RAND: I'm *warning* you, child, take a leaf from me. Look what I've gone through—Joey's another Pa. Better go to the picnic with Sam.

JENNIE (thinks it over, then slowly): I'll ask Pa.

MRS. RAND (snorts): Pa!

Music: *Musical transition of ten or fifteen seconds.*

MR. RAND: Joey!

JENNIE (*elated*): Joey, Pa?

MR. RAND: Of course Joey! Why Sam? That nincompoop!

JENNIE (*blowing her breath out in relief*): That's the way I feel. Whew! It's a great relief. Do you suppose I'm in love, Pa?

MR. RAND: What do you think?

JENNIE: Well, I'm sure I'm not in love with Sam—

MR. RAND: Naturally.

JENNIE: Even though he runs after me like a dog, and beats up all the boys that try to date me. He's too-too the same, Pa. You know what I mean?

MR. RAND: I know. You take after me, daughter—You'd be unhappy with someone—uh—too down-to-earth. See?

JENNIE: I see.

MR. RAND: And Joey?

JENNIE (*with enthusiasm*): Oh, Joey! He's so — different. . . . Do you think maybe I'm really and truly in love, Pa?

MR. RAND (*jovially*): Well, now, that all depends—you're not very old, you know.

JENNIE (*cautiously—as though she is searching for a scientific answer to her emotions*): Well—I tingle, for one thing. Is that love?

MR. RAND: You mean when you're with him?

JENNIE: When I'm with him—yes.

MR. RAND: When he's playing the harmonica?

JENNIE: Even when he's not.

MR. RAND (*the problem is bringing interesting results*): Oh.

JENNIE: And even when I'm not with him.

MR. RAND: You mean even when you just talk about him?

JENNIE: I mean when I even just think about him, I tingle. Is that love, Pa?

MR. RAND: Well—

JENNIE (*sadly*): And sometimes when I think of him—I want to jump to the top of a tree and shout and shout and shout—till I burst.

MR. RAND (*gravely*): Sounds mighty like the genuine article.

JENNIE (*sighs*): That's what I thought.

MR. RAND: And does he love you?

JENNIE (*confidently*): Oh, yes.

MR. RAND: How do you know?

JENNIE: Well, sometimes when he's playing me a song on his harmonica, he all of a sudden stops and—cries, sort of, and when I ask him what's the matter, he says it's because he loves me so much he can't stand it.

MR. RAND (*considering this*): Hmm. How do you know it's not just his music doing things to him? Perhaps he can't stand too much of it at one time. Might be. How I happen to suggest it is that I

feel the same way sometimes when I'm painting.

JENNIE (*alarmed*): Oh, Pa! You don't think it's me?

MR. RAND: I'm not saying one way or the other, but as a fellow-artist I can vouch for certain moments when you have to stand back, catch your breath and close your eyes—the beauty of your creation is too much for you. (*Jennie suddenly bursts into tears.*) What are you crying about?

JENNIE: It's not me at all! He don't love me at all!

MR. RAND: What makes you think so?

JENNIE: You just said so. It's his music he loves!

MR. RAND: I said no such thing. I merely said I could understand and appreciate such a mood, if such was the case.

JENNIE (*weeping afresh*): There! You see?

MR. RAND (*comfortingly*): Now, now, daughter—who can tell—maybe it is love that bowls our Joey over—

JENNIE (*reviving somewhat*): You think so?

MR. RAND: Could be.

JENNIE (*frantically*): How can I tell?

MR. RAND: That's for you to decide, I'm afraid.

JENNIE: But how?

MR. RAND: I don't know—put him through a test.

JENNIE: A test?

MR. RAND: Sure—some kind of—test.

JENNIE: What kind?

MR. RAND (*sighs*): Wish I knew what to tell you.

JENNIE (*desperately*): But how can I tell which he loves best? (*Wailing again*) Me or the harmonica?

Music: Musical transition of ten seconds.

NARRATOR: So you put him to the test, Mrs. Wagschall?

JANET (*sadly*): Yes—I put him to the test. That's what parted us—I mean not that it really proved anything—It was really a silly, childish little test—(*wretchedly*) But that's why I'm here all these years in Fall River, Massachusetts, a lonely widow with a broken heart. And Joey's—(*a catch in her voice*) I don't know where.

NARRATOR: And about that test, Janet. But wait—first I'd like to hear a little more about Joseph's early history, since we've had a glimpse of yours—I'm sure our listeners-in would be glad to get a closer study of his relations with his father and stepmother. Can you give us an intimate picture, Joseph?

JOSEPH (*reticent*): Well—

NARRATOR (*encouragingly*): Yes, Joseph? Needn't be shy, we're all your friends and want very much to understand you—really.

JOSEPH: There isn't really much to tell—

NARRATOR: Did she abuse you, Joseph—your stepmother?

JOSEPH: Oh, no—on the contrary—she meant awfully well—tried to get close to me—(*fading*)—more than I can say for my father—

Music: Musical transition of ten seconds and out. . . . A harmonica playing softly.

MR. PIKE (*shouting*): Will you stop that noise!

Music: Ceases at once.

MRS. PIKE (*chastisingly*): Ezra!

MR. PIKE (*in self-defense*): I've told him often enough I can't stand that infernal racket!

MRS. PIKE: Now, Ezra Pike, you've got to allow the boy some civil liberties.

MR. PIKE (*testily*): Oh, all right, Helen, all right. But how in thunder can I read the Sunday paper?

MRS. PIKE (*kindly*): Go ahead, Joey. Play. (*No response*) Play some more.

JOEY (*sullenly*): Never mind. I don't feel like any more.

MRS. PIKE: Please, Joey.

JOEY (*exasperated*): Leave me alone! I don't feel like!

MR. PIKE (*flaring up angrily*): Oh, you don't feel like! Well, I don't feel like! I don't feel like thinking what a son I got! I don't feel like looking at you!

MRS. PIKE: Ezra, you stop talking like that—or I'll leave the house!

MR. PIKE (*turning his wrath on his wife*): You've helped spoil him, Helen—humoring him—I won't have it any more — a grown boy doing nothing but playing a harmonica when he should be helping me out in the store. For the last time, Joey, are you going to do some work in the store or not—answer me! . . .

JOEY (*miserably*): I—I can't, Pa.

MR. PIKE: Why not?

JOEY: I told you. (*Revolted*) Hardware! What do I know about hardware!

MR. PIKE: It wouldn't kill you to learn.

JOEY (*fiercely*): It would! It'd kill my soul!

MRS. PIKE (*with quiet determination*): He's right. He's not going into hardware, Ezra. He's not meant for that.

MR. PIKE: Oh? Where is he headed for?

MRS. PIKE: He's going to Yale.

MR. PIKE (*he seems to think it over and is not averse to the idea*): Well, I dunno—

JOEY: I'm not going to Yale.

MR. PIKE (*angrily*): Not Yale either?

JOEY: No, sir.

MRS. PIKE: Of course you are, Joey, when you get through High. You've got to.

JOEY: No. Not Yale either.

MR. PIKE (*sneering*): I suppose Yale would kill your soul, too?

JOEY: Yes, it would. Trigonometry, and things like that.

MR. PIKE (*ready to burst a blood vessel*): Well!

MRS. PIKE: What do you intend to do, then?

JOEY: I'm going out West.

MRS. PIKE (*incredulous*): Wha-at? What doing?

JOEY: I don't know. Ride a horse. Punch cows. I'm going to take Jennie Rand with me.

MR. PIKE (*cynically*): Tommyrot!

JOEY: And we'll just ride and ride—and I'll play my harmonica—

MR. PIKE: That harmonica again! (*Beside himself with rage*) Give it here! Once and for all!

JOEY (*indignantly*): I'll not!

MR. PIKE: Hand it over!

JOEY: Like fun!

MR. PIKE: I'm going to throw it in the sewer—give me that piece of trash—that baby playtoy of yours!

JOEY (*standing his ground*): No, sir!

MR. PIKE: Give it to me at once or get out of my house!

JOEY (*after a pause, quietly*): I'll get out.

MR. PIKE: Then get! (*Weakly, of a sudden*) Where's the blasted baking soda, Helen?

Sound: *His footsteps receding, and a door banging shut behind him a slight distance away.*

MRS. PIKE (*after a moment of silence*): Don't mind him, Joey—he don't mean it.

JOEY: I don't care. I'm going. If not today, tomorrow, or the next.

MRS. PIKE (*tenderly*): Joey—

JOEY (*surlily*): What?

MRS. PIKE: Why do you hate me?

JOEY: I don't hate you—I don't even hate Pa.

MRS. PIKE: But you don't love me?

JOEY: No.

MRS. PIKE (*earnestly*): Why? And why don't you ever play a song for me when we're alone? Didn't you play for your Ma when you were little?

JOEY (*huskily*): Yes.

MRS. PIKE: Ain't I your Ma, now?

JOEY: No.

MRS. PIKE: Why not? Why have you been — *resenting* me all these years—when I tried so hard to get near you?

JOEY: Because. Just because and that's all.

MRS. PIKE (*softly*): Because I took her place?

JOEY (*choking*): Maybe.

MRS. PIKE (*changing the subject dis-*

About the Author

"The Test" was Joseph Ruscoll's first radio play. "How I got the idea for this play I don't know. And now I find the play is becoming a classic. I honestly don't know how I came to write it. Maybe it was suggested by a daydream about my youth." Who was the girl? "The girl is a composite of several teen-age sweethearts," he said. "There's nothing concrete about her, really. Unless you prefer to believe there is. But Janet happens to be my wife's name, and she comes from Massachusetts."

Mr. Ruscoll was born in 1909 in Boston, Mass. For part of his boyhood he lived in Denver, Colorado, within view of Pike's Peak. His later school days at Boston Latin School and Boston University, he says, were spent dreaming about Pike's Peak. His early writing was in the field of the short story and the full length play. He later turned to radio.

creetly): Who are you taking to the school picnic, Joey?

JOEY: Jennie Rand.

MRS. PIKE: Jennie's a sweet girl.

JOEY: You bet. And some day I'm taking her away with me—like I said. To Wyoming.

MRS. PIKE: Did she say she'd go to the picnic with you?

JOEY (*thinly*): Well—uh—she didn't say yet. She's going to give me her answer tomorrow. (*Now frankly plumbing the depths of despairing suspense*) It's between me and that darn Sam Wagschall!

Music: *Short musical transition.*

NARRATOR: And you lost, Joseph? Her answer was *no*—on that day thirty years ago?

JOSEPH: That's right, sir. She put me through a-a test—and found me wanting, you might say.

NARRATOR: Where'd you say you're located these days, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Colorado. Denver, Colorado.

NARRATOR: Salesman?

JOSEPH: Right.

NARRATOR: Bathroom fixtures?

JOSEPH: Right. Wonder what became of Jennie after she ran off with Sam? I'd give my right arm to know.

NARRATOR: And the test? What did it prove?

JOSEPH (*indignantly*): Proved nothing! Darn childish that test was—but because of it she got mad and a few years later married Sam and went out of town. And I was lonely and miserable and broken-hearted and I didn't want Yale or hardware and my Pa was too mean to me, and my step-ma was too good to me—and so after I graduated from High, I bummed my way out West. Before I could become a cow-

boy, though, I somehow got married to a telephone operator—blind date—I was lonely—you know—and settled down as a salesman—same job all these years—own my own home—wife Anna—good woman, never really loved her though, never anyone but Jennie—never!

NARRATOR: You say you've got five children, Joseph—or six?

JOSEPH: Six—five girls. Wonder what she's doing right now . . . where she is and what's she's doing.

NARRATOR: Who?

JOSEPH: Jennie. Right this minute.

NARRATOR: All right, Joseph, much obliged. And now, Mrs. Wagschall—Janet—what about that famous little test you put him through? I'm sure all our listeners-in are waiting anxiously to hear about it at last.

JANET: Well, I was jealous of his harmonica all right, but at first I couldn't think up a good proof of his love—I thought maybe I ought to have him fight a bull or wrestle with an alligator—but at last I thought up a simple, common-sense test—a *beautiful* test that would go right to the heart of the matter—that would prove for sure whether he loved me or his harmonica. I wondered why I never thought of it before.

Music: *Harmonica fades in softly, playing "Beautiful Ohio."*

JANET: I was going to put it up to him as soon as I met him on the Common that night—but right away he got to talking of Wyoming and then he got to playing a song and I got to humming it, and so I decided I'd wait till he was finished—then spring the test. . . .

Music: *The harmonica comes up full and presently the song comes to a triumphant end.*

JENNIE (*when it is over*): That was wonderful, Joey!

JOEY: So will you go to the picnic with me then?

JENNIE (*sighs*): Yes.

JOEY (*rapturously*): Oh, Jennie!

JENNIE: If you pass the test. First you must do that.

JOEY: All right. Go ahead and test me.

JENNIE: You mean it?

JOEY: Sure, go ahead.

JENNIE (*gravely*): This is for real.

JOEY: Naturally.

JENNIE: Ready?

JOEY: Shoot!

JENNIE: Give up your harmonica! Throw it away!

JOEY (*unbelievably*): Wh-at?

JENNIE: Come on out on the corner and take your harmonica and throw it down the sewer and spit on it! And that'll prove you love me best. Like a holy sacrifice!

JOEY (*trying to change the subject*): And when we get out West, Jennie, we'll ride a tamed broncho, and we'll sing cowboy songs to the dogies—

JENNIE (*insistently*): Will you do it, Joey? Will you? Down the sewer? Right now?

JOEY (*desperately holding fast to his deafness*): And there'll be a harvest moon overhead—and it'll be listening.

JENNIE: Will you Joey? Will you?

JOEY (*bursting out angrily*): Don't be silly!

JENNIE (*outraged*): You refuse! Oh! That proves it! That proves it!

JOEY: Proves what?

JENNIE: That you don't love me at all! That it's your harmonica—like Pa said! (*Bursts into tears.*)

JOEY: It ain't either! It don't prove nothing. . . . Please don't cry. . . . I do, I do too love you. . . . I'd do anything for you . . . anything—

JENNIE (*blubbing*): Then make a holy sacrifice!

JOEY: Anything but *that*, I mean. Gosh, my poor little harmonica—down the sewer—gosh—what for? (*Almost in tears himself*) Never did you any harm—and you said it was sweet as sugar—

JENNIE: It is.

JOEY: And that it sent you straight up in the sky a mile and half—

JENNIE: It does.

JOEY: And makes you so sad you feel delicious.

JENNIE: That's right.

JOEY: Then why are you a traitor now?

JENNIE: Because— Look, Joey, you're jealous of Sam Wagschall, aren't you? You can't help it.

JOEY: Yeah.

JENNIE: Well—I'm jealous of—of your harmonica. And I can't help it.

JOEY (*writhing*): But what'll I do without it?

JENNIE (*relenting a bit*): All right, tell you what: Give it up for a year, then. Just a year.

JOEY (*in anguish*): A year!

JENNIE (*bargaining*): A month, then.

JOEY: A month!

JENNIE: A week.

JOEY: A whole week!

JENNIE: I shan't go any lower, Joey.

JOEY: Rats! I'll die!

JENNIE: What do you say—yes or no?

JOEY: Gosh!

JENNIE (*a final compromise*): Oh, very well then, I don't want to make you too miserable. One day, make it. One teenie little day!

JOEY (*considering*): Which one?

JENNIE: Tomorrow.

JOEY (*gloomily*): All day?

JENNIE: All day.

JOEY (*silent for a while, then wretchedly*): What'll I do when I wake up in the morning and the sun's coming in my room? . . . And outside when I'm

walking along and it's good to be alive, and a tune comes in my head? What'll I do? . . . And at night, when I'm alone and it's all mysterious and dark and I wonder what it's all about. What then? Those are the times I got to play my harmonica most. What'll I do?

JENNIE (*impatiently*): Joey Pike, I've put you to the test! Will I find you wanting?

JOEY (*lowly*): This is darn silly.

JENNIE: It's darn important to me.

JOEY: How you going to tell if I do or I don't?

JENNIE (*solemnly*): Your word of honor.

JOEY: And if I don't do what you want?

JENNIE: Then I'll never speak to you again! As long as I live!

JOEY (*wretchedly*): Oh.

JENNIE: And—and I'll go to the picnic with Sam Wagschall—that's what I'll do!

JOEY: I see.

JENNIE: Well? I'm waiting!

JOEY: I—I don't feel so good.

JENNIE: Yes or no? Quick! You will kindly decide your fate!

JOEY (*after a terrific struggle with himself*): No! I'm sorry, Jennie, but I can't. I just *wouldn't*. A whole day! I'd get fidgety and I'd start playing *absent-minded*—couldn't help it. You might as well tell me to stop breathing!

JENNIE (*after a long pause; sorrowfully*): So that's your answer. You're not willing to make the holy sacrifice! All right. (*Hoarsely*) Good-bye, Joey.

JOEY: Wait, don't go, Jennie!

JENNIE (*fiercely*): Let me go! Take your hand off me!

JOEY: Please! Don't be mad! (*Voice breaks*) Don't go away!

JENNIE (*hysterically*): Let me alone! I never want to see you again! Don't you *dare* come to see me any more! I hate you! I hate you!

Music: *Short musical transition.*

NARRATOR: And you never spoke to him again, Janet?

JANET (*sorrowfully*): Never.

NARRATOR: Or you to her, Mr. Pike?

JOSEPH (*lowly*): I had my pride.

NARRATOR (*sighs*): And that was thirty long years ago!

JANET (*flaring up*): *Pride!* If he really loved me he wouldn't have *had* any pride!

JOSEPH (*flaring up in turn*): And if *she* really loved me, she—what about *her* foolish pride?

JANET (*indignant*): Foolish!

JOSEPH (*crying out*): Foolish! Foolish!

JANET: What do you think, Mr. Narrator?

NARRATOR (*sadly*): I think you were *both* very, very foolish.

JANET (*miserably*): Well, I—I was waiting for him to make up first.

JOEY (*in similar vein*): I was waiting for *her*.

JANET: Plenty of times, when he passed me in the street—I wanted to.

(*And for the first time, Joseph and Janet seem to be aware of one another's presence—it is as though a veil lifts.*)

JOSEPH (*in a choked voice*): Jennie! You *did*? And so did I—I wanted to lie down on the ground and roll over at your feet and tell you I'd do *anything* for you—*anything*!

JANET (*her voice, too, comes choked*): Joey! You *did*?

JOSEPH: Plenty of times! Plenty!

JANET: I wanted to tell you I was sorry. I was *dying* to!

JOSEPH: It was *my* fault!

JANET: No! No! It was *mine*! (*A pause, then*) I had a miserable time at the picnic.

JOSEPH: I didn't even go.

JANET: I know. That's why.

JOSEPH: Once I rescued you from drowning and we made up. But it was only a dream.

JANET: Once I gave you a great big ten dollar harmonica for a present, and we were patched up. But that was make-believe. Once I waited for you at school and walked home after you and threw roses on your footsteps. And that was real, except the roses.

JOSEPH: Once I sneaked into your back yard at night to watch the light in your room, and I fell asleep in the bushes and caught cold. I was sick for a week. That was *all* real! (*Sighs. A long silence.*)

NARRATOR (*softly*): Time's almost up—better say good-bye.

JANET (*suddenly bursting into sobs*): Oh, Joey! Joey!

NARRATOR (*tender, but firm*): All right—that's all.

JANET (*sobbing broken-heartedly*): Where are you, dear darling boy? Forgive me, forgive me!

NARRATOR: Mrs. Wagschall! Fade out, please! We're going off the air. There's nothing can be done about it at this late date. (*Janet sobbing. Fades out.*) You, too, Joseph.

JOSEPH (*hollowly*): Yes.

NARRATOR: Good-bye.

JOSEPH (*fading*): Good-bye.

NARRATOR (*calling*): Oh, just a minute!

JOSEPH (*fading in*): Yes?

NARRATOR: I was just wondering—do you still play the harmonica?

JOSEPH: Oh, no. No.

NARRATOR: You've given it up?

JOSEPH: Long ago.

NARRATOR: Why?

JOSEPH: Oh, I don't know—(*forlornly*)—stress and strain—(*fading out*)—stress and strain—(*silence, then*)

NARRATOR: That's about all, folks. (*Sighs.*) Good afternoon.

Music: *Musical curtain.*

Spy-Catcher

By ORESTE PINTO

**Book Excerpt: The greatest spy-catcher of them all
now tells his story**

IF it takes nerve and wits to be a successful spy, it takes twice as much nerve and wits to be a successful spy-catcher. Some of the most dramatic stories to come out of World War II have to do with catching spies. And one of the men whose feats of spy-catching helped to turn the tide of victory in favor of the Allies was Oreste Pinto. He was a Dutch colonel assigned to the British "Counter-Intelligence" service.

Colonel Pinto has many stories to tell, and the best of them are gathered in his book *Spy-Catcher*. In this selection we present some of the stories we know you'll like the best.

Before reading the first incident, imagine the

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Illustrated by John E. Rupp



dreary, tense days just after Holland, Belgium, and France had all fallen to the enemy. Just across the narrow English Channel, England was enduring the German "air blitz." Every man and woman on that small island tensely expected an invasion at any moment.

The invasion of England never came. Perhaps the valiant resistance to the "air blitz" took the Germans by surprise. Perhaps the events of the following story played a part. At any rate Hitler finally dropped his plan for swallowing England and turned his attention elsewhere.

The 13th Man

It was the first week of September, 1940. Four months earlier the last remnants of the British Expeditionary Force had been evacuated from Dunkirk, leaving the Germans on the edge of the English Channel. On a clear day German soldiers, lustily singing their favorite song, "Marching against England," could see the misty outlines of the coveted prize across that narrow strip of water, narrow enough for a good swimmer to cross.

Only one gigantic stride was required, it seemed, for the Wehrmacht to snatch the plum. Hitler himself had supervised the drawing-up of his favorite plan—the invasion of England—under the code name of "Operation Sealion."

I had spent the night on duty in my office. Dawn was breaking as I rose, stretched myself and yawned, then went off to shave. I had just returned when a young intelligence officer rushed into the room. He was obviously excited.

"A message for you, sir," he blurted out.

I took the message and held it up to the pale light from the window. The code signature showed that it came from one of our most trusted agents, who had been left on the Continent to spy for us. The message read: "U-boat departs Zeebrugge tonight 2130 hours carrying 4 spies instructed land England before daylight south coast map reference 432925 these men carefully selected and trained for special mission regarding German Operation Sealion."

I looked up at the excited young man and smiled. "This means business," I said. "Come on, let's get to work."

Hidden Cove

We consulted a large-scale map of the south coast. There was the spot indicated by the map reference and it had obviously been chosen with care. It was a small secluded cove, and behind it the steep cliffs stood almost sheer, providing cover from inquisitive eyes.

But if the cliffs would keep the casual observer out, they might as easily keep the silent invader in. Manned by resolute watchers, these cliffs could be a trap for the four spies. The cove was crescent-shaped and far from any village, or even house, if the map were correct. It was wide-open to the sea, but there was only one exit on the land side.

I ran over the simple plan that was forming in my mind. Then I conferred with the Field Security officer, a captain, who had already been detailed to work with me.

"This is how I see it," I said. "The plan is simple. On a dark night the more simple it is the less likelihood of things going wrong. All we need to do is to place men at short intervals along the foot of the cliffs—you see on the map how the beach is funnel-shaped—and you and I will post ourselves at the neck of the funnel—here. This little path—or track—is the only exit from the beach, short of scaling the cliffs. To go ashore these four spies have got to get past us."

"How many men will you require, sir?" he asked.

"Let us say a dozen. And have them change into civilian clothes, less conspicuous."

"Armed, of course, sir?"

"Yes, of course. But on no account are they to open fire *without my orders*. That must be strictly understood. We want to get these men alive."

"Yes, sir."

"They must all carry flashlights. We can work out a series of signals before we leave. Any more questions?"

"No, sir."

"Right. We must be in position by midnight. Have your men ready to leave by seven o'clock. That should give us ample time to drive there in comfort."

Unlucky Omen?

It was growing dusk as we drove along the Great West Road and gradually darkness blotted out the countryside. The blackout on all sides and the feeble beams from our shuttered headlights gave us the eerie sensation of moving through a strange fourth dimension. The moon had not risen and we felt like ants in a bottle of ink with the cap screwed on.

As I peered out into the blackness of the passing countryside, I thought for a while of the four spies at this moment huddled in the U-boat that was nosing its way toward the English coast. What kind of men were they? Fanatic patriots taking the supreme risk for their country? Or trained men carrying out orders instinctively? And then I thought of our Field Security fellows who would

man the trap. It suddenly occurred to me that the captain and his men were thirteen in number. Was this to be an unlucky omen?

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We reached the cliffs at the back of the cove on the stroke of midnight. I quickly ran through the orders with the twelve men and their captain huddled round me—dark, unrecognizable shapes against the dark countryside. Man the foot of the cliffs at equal distances apart. The signal if any spy came within tackling distance—three short flashes from the nearest flashlight.

There were no questions and, one by one, we threaded our way down the narrow cliff path in silence, save for the occasional mutter as someone tripped over an obstruction. At the foot of the cliff the captain and I watched the men disappear into the darkness. We stood together at the junction of the beach with the path, the neck of the "funnel." We could hear the quiet crunching of the men's footsteps on the sand as they crept into position and then silence.

Silence—except for the monotonous ripple of the tide on the beach and the sucking noise it made on the ebb. Ripple and suck, ripple and suck, as it had done from time immemorial. The minutes crawled away. After what felt like a whole night of waiting I was surprised to hear a distant clock in a village church chime the hour of one. Only one o'clock! I turned up my greatcoat collar, plunged my hands deeper in my pockets and hunched up my shoulders against the damp cold of the beach.

Two o'clock crept toward us, arrived and then receded as slowly. Then three o'clock. I checked my watch with the village church chimes at three o'clock and, what might have been half an hour later, glanced at it again. Only five past three. I held it to my ear but it ticked away steadily. . . .

It was nearly four o'clock. I turned to the captain and whispered, "I wish the blighters would . . ."

Three Flashes

Suddenly I saw flashes—one, two, three short jabs of light against the black cliff side. Another torch flashed out, and then another and another. A prowling figure was silhouetted against the shifting beams. As two other flashlights cut beams into the darkness, a second and a third figure could be observed, immobilized by surprise. A light went out suddenly and I could hear the sound of a scuffle. The ring of torchlight closed in and there was a moment of confusion, of shouting and boots plunging in the soft sand.

The captain and I rushed to the cen-



About the Author

"My main job in life has been to catch spies," Col. Oreste Pinto tells us. "These pages are at least authentic."

Col. Pinto was born in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1889, and attended school and college in Amsterdam. Later he studied languages at the Sorbonne in Paris. Today he speaks 13 languages—a valuable skill, he says, for a spy-catcher.

Col. Pinto began his work in the Intelligence Service at the age of 25 on an assignment for the French government. He served with the Allies in both World Wars.

Another valuable skill he possesses is a remarkable memory. "I can, for example, remember exactly not only what presents were given to me on my third birthday but who gave them and at what time of day they arrived. . . . My father had one of the first telephones to be installed in Holland. Important local numbers were written on a sheet of paper that hung beside the instrument. This was over fifty years ago and I can still remember each of those telephone numbers exactly. . . ."

ter of the confusion and as we arrived, order returned. There were our twelve men triumphant with their dumbfounded and dejected captives. I thought to myself, "It is almost too easy." I counted them, one, two, three. It had been too easy. The fourth man was missing.

I was certain in my own mind that the message had been correct in mentioning four men. A spy who risks his life in getting a vitally important radio message out of enemy-held territory makes sure that his details are right. Four men, the message had said, and four men there were going to be. But

now that the element of surprise was lost, finding the fourth man would be almost impossible before daylight. He could be lying up somewhere between the sea and the cliffs and only the luckiest beam from a torch or the accident of actually stumbling over him would betray his hiding place.

So far we had made a satisfactory haul but our night's work would be ruined if we allowed one man to slip through our fingers. The fact that we had not caught him at the first opportunity probably meant that he was the most dangerous and cool-headed of the bunch. He could do incalculable damage, perhaps ruin our chances of defeating the invasion [of England] that seemed imminent.

There was one reassuring factor. He must still be on the beach. The cliff path had been guarded throughout and that was the only exit.

I turned to the Field Security captain. "Well, there's only one thing for it. We'll have to stick here until daylight and pick him up then. In the meantime, let's see what we have hooked."

The three men were searched. My admiration for German thoroughness rose by a few degrees. Each of the prisoners was well-dressed in an English suit obviously cut by an English tailor and carrying a well-known London tailor's label. They had plenty of English money in notes of small denomination. They even had the proper identity cards, colored gray for aliens and duly filled in and stamped. Each one carried a compact but powerful radio transmitter.

I ordered the three to be moved sufficiently far apart to be out of ear-shot of each other and then began to question them. The first two I examined were Germans, named Waldberg and Meyer. Like many Germans, although resolute under fire, they offered little resistance when they knew the game was up. They answered all my questions sullenly but in detail.

Before I had spoken to the third man, he broke out in English with, "Could I have a word with you, please, sir?" In surprise I flashed a light in his face. He stood there blinking. I studied him. His accent was marked but it was not a German accent. He was obviously frightened.

"Well?" I said.

And then the story came tumbling out. He was not a German but a Dutchman. He was not really a spy; in fact he was glad to be caught so soon. It saved him the trouble of giving himself up at the nearest police station. He had been too smart for the Germans. He had fooled them into thinking he wanted to be a spy in England, when

all the time his one aim was to get over to England and enlist on the side of the Allies. He gave an ingratiating grin as he ended.

It was not the first time I had heard this kind of story but my disgust did not grow less. I can admire an honest spy who risks his life and accepts the consequence of capture with courage, but this glib cowardice was only contemptible. To save his own skin the man would cheerfully betray his comrades. He might, nevertheless, be useful to us.

"All right, you say you are on our side. How many of you came ashore tonight?"

"Four, sir."

"You are absolutely certain there were four of you."

"Yes, sir. Myself, Walberg, Meyer and Van der Kieboom, sir. That makes the four."

"Van der Kieboom. That's not a German name."

"No, sir. He is Dutch-like me."

So that was established. There really had been four and the message was correct. But where was Van der Kieboom? Perhaps daylight would tell.

The 13th Man

And so our vigil continued. Five o'clock and then six o'clock came and went. At last, when the night seemed never ending, a streak of pale light showed on the horizon and crept across the still sea toward us. Soon it was possible to distinguish rocks from men and a quarter of an hour later there was enough light to begin the last search.

Our men fanned out in a line and, starting from one end of the beach, slowly paced toward the other. There was gorse and undergrowth, thorny bushes and sand hollows, but every inch of the ground was searched in the half light before the dawn. The Field Security captain and I stood back and watched them gradually making their way forward, bending down under every bush, moving all objects that might afford cover. They were a third of the way along the beach, then half-way, then three-quarters. And then they converged at the far end—empty-handed. There was no trace of Van der Kieboom.

I shouted to them to retrace their steps. The line fanned out again as they returned toward us, searching the ground as meticulously as before. This was fantastic. Van der Kieboom had to be on the beach.

Wild thoughts flashed through my mind. Could he have swum back to the U-boat when he heard his comrades captured? But no, there had been no sound of splashing from the sea except the ripples and suck of the monotonous

tide. Could he have scaled the cliffs? A glance upward assured me that not even a mountain goat could have ascended in the dark without at least dislodging stones and boulders to give its position away. So Van der Kieboom must still be on the beach. But where?

I clenched my fists in my exasperation and watched the approaching line of searchers. It was now light enough to see the white blur of each face but not to recognize the owner. I looked along the line from right to left and then back again. Suddenly the solution hit me and I laughed aloud. "Clever devil," I said.

The captain looked startled. "What's the matter, sir?"

"What a clever devil," I repeated and then raised my voice. "All right, you men, halt where you are." They halted. I turned to the captain. "Will you come with me? I'm going to introduce you to our friend."

The captain and I strolled along the line of searchers, pausing long enough to recognize each one. Eight, nine, ten. We were nearing the end of the line. Eleven, twelve and—we halted and I put a hand on the last man's shoulder. "Good morning, Van der Kieboom," I said. He was the thirteenth man.

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In the half light and the confusion he might have got away with it, if we had decided to call the search off. He could have brought up the rear of the party climbing the cliff and then lain low until the cars departed. He was a clever, resolute man.

If it had not been for the fact that exactly twelve men were chosen for the job and that my superstitiousness had caused me to remember this, I should not have counted them mentally as they approached in line through the gray dawn light. On such slender threads does a man's life [or perhaps a country's fate] hang.

Spy-catcher Trains Spies

(In another chapter we see a spy-catcher's talents turned to training spies of his own country, as well as to catching spies of the enemies of his country.)

I have the utmost admiration for secret agents. Any secret agent, whether he is acting for or against one's own country, deserves admiration for his courage alone.

It is one thing to be brave in company but a different matter to be brave on one's own when every passer-by or acquaintance is a potential betrayer, when vigilance must be exercised during every waking hour and even subconsciously in sleep, lest the secret



The Hard-Boiled Egg Incident

This incident took place in 1916 on the French front near the Somme.

It so happened that part of a village lay in German hands and the rest of it behind the French lines. One peasant woman who lived on the side of the village in German hands used to travel every day across the shell-shattered open space to visit her brother, whose cottage was behind the French lines. On reaching the French lines she was examined and questioned by a Counter-Intelligence officer every day as a routine check but, like all the other villagers who passed to and fro, she appeared to be quite harmless.

One day on her return from her brother's cottage she arrived at the check post carrying a basket with her lunch in it. It was a homely meal of boiled eggs, bread and butter. The Counter-Intelligence officer had by now become used to her and greeted her in a friendly tone. He asked her the usual questions, and as he talked picked up one of the hard-boiled eggs and toyed with it, tossing it a few inches in the air and catching it again.

He glanced up and saw to his surprise a look of alarm on the woman's red face. He went on tossing and catching the egg and the higher he threw it the more disturbed the woman seemed to be. He caught the egg and examined it closely but there was no sign or blemish on the shell.

But by now he suspected that there must be something sinister about it, to account for the woman's confusion. He cracked it on the edge of her basket and began to peel off the shell. On the white of the egg were microscopic words and marking which were brown in color. When magnified and deciphered, the marks proved to be a plan of the French sector with the identities of the various divisions and brigades that occupied it. The peasant woman was eventually tried and executed as a spy.

The Germans had hit on the ingenious fact that if one writes in acetic acid on the shell of an egg and, after the acid dries, boils the egg, the writing will be absorbed through onto the white and will leave no trace—either to the naked eye or even to a powerful microscope—on the outside of the shell.

It was sheer accident that the Counter-Intelligence Service should have discovered this. Or, perhaps I should say in fairness to the officer concerned, accident plus the knowledge of psychology which roused his suspicions the moment the peasant woman appeared confused. But once the method was broken the Germans should have stopped it in spite of its ingenuity. With their love of routine, however, they persevered with the same trick long after they must have been aware that the Counter-Intelligence knew of it.

agent should talk in his sleep in his native tongue and give himself away.

No one who has not been "on the run" or lived a long time with secret agents can realize the strain of being constantly on guard, never knowing whether the man approaching from behind is going to pat one on the back out of friendship or clap a heavy hand on one's shoulder in the act of arrest.

The secret agents in the service of the British government had to be young and in perfect health. Their usual

method of reaching their objective was by parachute; after the age of forty a man's muscles get too stiff for a parachute drop on a dark night when the ground below may be rough.

Many of the secret agents were foreigners who would drop out of the sky onto their native soil, sometimes near their own home towns. Several of them had their faces changed by plastic surgery so that they would not be recognized by friends and relations. The others were Englishmen who knew the

Continent and one of the different languages so well that they could pass as natives.

Spy School

For months before they were ready for operations such men went through a most rigorous course of training in parachuting and learning the use of explosives for sabotage work. They were kept at a spy school in the depths of the country and their curriculum included the art of disguise, the use of all hand weapons, wireless operating, knowledge of secret inks, photography and physical details of the locality they would be visiting. The standard of the course, both physically and mentally, was of a high order.

And yet in spite of all their careful training the mortality rate among them was alarmingly high. In one case, many courageous young Dutch agents were caught and examined by the Gestapo because, in spite of all precautions taken, a traitor had managed to infiltrate into their ranks. But on other occasions news gradually leaked out that the agents were being caught through their own blunders. This was a most distressing situation.

At this point someone in authority realized that Counter-Intelligence officers, who were already gaining first-hand experience at catching secret agents, might be used to test our own secret agents before they set off on their hazardous journeys. If a secret agent could pass the most searching tests devised by experts at spy-catching, he would have greater confidence in his ability to outwit the Gestapo at a later date. If he broke down under the test that his own people put him through, his failure instead of proving fatal might teach him how to avoid repeating his mistakes.

I was invited to examine the next batch of secret agents before they left England. I was asked to give them the most rigorous examination possible.

Necktie Test

A few days later, three young men reported to my office. They were good physical specimens, obviously trained to the last hair. Their faces glowed and their eyes shone with perfect health and fitness. They were three fine young men, alert and intelligent.

I turned to the official who stood there, obviously full of pride and confidence in his proteges. "When do they leave?" I asked.

"The day after tomorrow," he replied.

"Just as they are?"

"Yes, just as they are now."

I looked again at the three young men. Their clothes were neat and un-

obtrusive, neither new nor shabby. They looked indeed like the three young Belgian businessmen they were intended to resemble. I walked over to the nearest, put my hand inside the top of his waistcoat and pulled out his tie. I turned it over. The shop label sewn on the reverse proclaimed: "Selfridges, Oxford Street, London, W.1."

"Take them away," I said to the official who now looked crestfallen. "After that there is no point in my asking them questions."

With my room to myself again, I slumped in a chair. No wonder, I thought, that brave men were going daily to their death if that is the kind of silly slip which was being permitted.

Six days later I was asked to examine another young man who was soon to be dropped by parachute in Belgium. This time one lesson had been learned. There was not a stitch of English clothing to betray him.

I asked him to tell me the "cover story" which he might have to tell the Gestapo to explain his previous movements and his reasons for being wherever he happened to be found. This is the story he told me:

When the Germans had taken Belgium, he had fled to the South of France. He had eventually found a job in a flower plantation. He had worked there as a laborer for eight months but when he heard that conditions in Belgium were better under the Nazis than had been expected, he decided to return to Brussels. Figuratively speaking, here he was.

"What did you say your job was on this flower plantation?" I asked him in Flemish.

"Laboring, sir."

"Show me your hands." He held them out for my inspection. The finger tips were soft; there were no ridges of hard skin across the palms; the fingernails were well tended and none of them was cracked or discolored. No man alive could have worked for eight months as a laborer in a flower plantation and retained the hands of an office worker.

I sighed, partly out of pity and partly through exasperation. "Well then," I said, "what flowers did you grow?"

"Oh, roses and (a pause) carnations." He fell silent.

"Fuchsias?" I prompted.

"No, not fuchsias."

"Primulas?"

"Oh yes, we grew primulas."

"So you grew primulas? On the Mediterranean coast! My dear boy, you are supposed to be something of an expert on flowers. Remember? You worked for eight months in a plantation. Do you really know anything at all about flowers, I wonder? Go back to your instructors and tell them that you are wasting my time and unnecessarily risking your own life."

The Perfect Spy

Of all the men and women agents who underwent my examination before going on active service only one sailed through with nonchalant ease and without making the slightest mistake. He was the perfect secret agent and although he entered Occupied Belgium on many special missions he never once fell afoul of the Gestapo. In fact he did not even come under suspicion.

When I was told that a Monsieur Jean Dufour was coming to see me I expected the usual intelligent, healthy



looking young man. But when the door opened, my eyes goggled and my lower jaw dropped in surprise.

An officer walked in, accompanied by what I can only call the travesty of a human being. This object looked like a typical village idiot. Not only was he deformed but his cheeks and lower jaw were three times the usual size. His pale blue eyes were vacant, without the slightest glimmer of sense. His lips were slack and wet and saliva dribbled from one corner of his mouth. He leered at me, grimaced foolishly and broke into a high-pitched giggle.

"What on earth is this?" I demanded. "Are you trying to pull my leg?"

The officer smiled. "May I introduce Monsieur Jean Dufour," he said. "If he passes your tests he will become a carrier carrying money to our agents in France and Belgium."

"He doesn't need Counter-Intelligence tests by the look of him," I remarked. "A psychiatrist would be more in his line. Still, I'm at your service."

I turned to the pitiable moron who giggled again, then put out a stubby, dirty finger and gently touched the ink-well on my desk as though it were something beautiful and strange. Then he looked up—and winked at me. For a moment shrewd intelligence flashed across his vacant features, and then disappeared.

"How old are you, Dufour?" I asked abruptly in Flemish.

"How old am I?" he giggled. He patted me on the shoulder. "How old am I, old man? How should I know?" He threw his head back and roared with laughter.

I pressed him with further questions. Where was he born? How would he know? Where had he lived? "Me, old man? I don't live anywhere." The same slobbering laugh.

I glared at him. "Come on, you aren't fooling me. You must live somewhere," I snapped.

But he was not impressed. Giggling, he spluttered, "I live on *les grandes routes*—the main roads—of Belgium. In the fields, the woods—the haystacks."

"What does your father do for a living?"

He scratched his matted hair and laughed even louder. "That's a good one, old man. My father—he is crazy, a loony—"

If this maniac accused his father of being mad, then indeed the father must be a sad case. "Why?" I persisted.

"Why? Because the old fool works!"

"And you don't believe in working?"

He thumped his misshapen chest in self-approval. "Me work? Why should I? I sleep, mostly in the fields. I dine better than a duke. Where there's a farm

there are cows and when the farmer's not looking, there's free milk. Hens are friendly and you give one a little squeeze round the neck. Put it in the pot and there's your supper." He patted his stomach in memory of free meals in the past.

There was something infectious about his simple gaiety. I found myself smiling as I asked him whether he had ever attended school. No, he had never been to school but, he added grandly, he could write his name.

"Let me see you do it!"

He took up my pen as though it might bite him and rolled back his ragged cuffs. Drawing back his arm like a violinist about to attack a Beethoven concerto, he leaned over the paper, head cocked on one side and tongue protruding. With a fine flourish he scratched a wobbly "X" on the paper. "There," he said in triumph, "Jean Dufour at your service."

For over an hour I kept at him but had to admit myself beaten in the end. Not three words of useful information did I achieve.

"Take him away," I said to his sponsor. "Send him to Belgium whenever you like. The Gestapo will never break him. Before they've finished he'll be breaking them. After the Belgian police have arrested him for the umpteenth time and then let him go, every policeman will turn and run like mad when they see him approaching. He'll be the curse of the whole police department. He's a genius!"

They left my office and Dufour grinned an impudent farewell. That was the last I saw of him but I followed his subsequent career with great interest.

The first time he was dropped into Belgium by parachute he carried money for one of our agents in Brussels. Not forty-eight hours later the message arrived. "Mission accomplished." Again and again he was dropped, he completed his task, was brought out and made ready for yet another mission. Never once did he fail to keep a rendezvous at the appointed hour, however close the police or the Gestapo might be. In all he must have carried thousands of pounds to various agents in Belgium yet there was never a penny missing.

This illiterate, apparently witless petty poacher-vagabond was the supreme secret agent. He succeeded time and again where men of superior intelligence and physique would sooner or later have failed. This tattered scarecrow of a man was an invaluable asset to the British Secret Service.

I should like to meet him again. He would get the best chicken dinner in London—and the chicken would have been paid for, not poached!



Letter Box

What is your opinion? You write it; we'll print it. Address your letters to "Letter Box," Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

This is just a note to tell you how very proud I was when I saw my poem in "Cavalcade Firsts." It pleased me very much to know you liked it. I became something of a celebrity, thanks to you at *Cavalcade*.

We Cathedralites truly enjoy your magazine, not only because it limits boring minutes spent reading "The Neo-Classical Age in English Literature," etc., but because it is both timely and entertaining.

Julia Brassil

Cathedral H. S., New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I want to congratulate you on having one of the best all around magazines in print. It seems to appeal to grown-ups as well as teen-agers. Many of the members of our class say that when they take their *Cavalcade* home their parents grab it up almost immediately.

The only complaint I have is that *Cavalcade* is a monthly publication and not a weekly. Keep up the good work, and you will have a subscriber for life.

Mike Tait

Milby Senior H. S., Houston, Texas

Dear Editor:

This year our English class subscribed to *Literary Cavalcade*. I had not seen a magazine of this type before, and was very surprised and interested after reading the first issue. I especially enjoy the "Cavalcade Firsts" section, because it gives me an idea of what other students my age are writing.

I have noticed in several letters you've published that students are asking for a book review section. I think that this is a very good idea. There are many good books written, but we do not always hear about them. I would also like to suggest that you present various articles about the authors who are writing current books.

Jeanne Jeffery

Needham (Mass.) H. S.



**"Breathes there the man, with soul so
dead,
Who never to himself hath said . . ."
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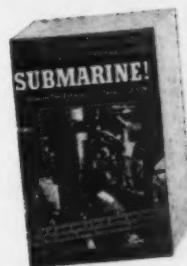
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Chucklebait

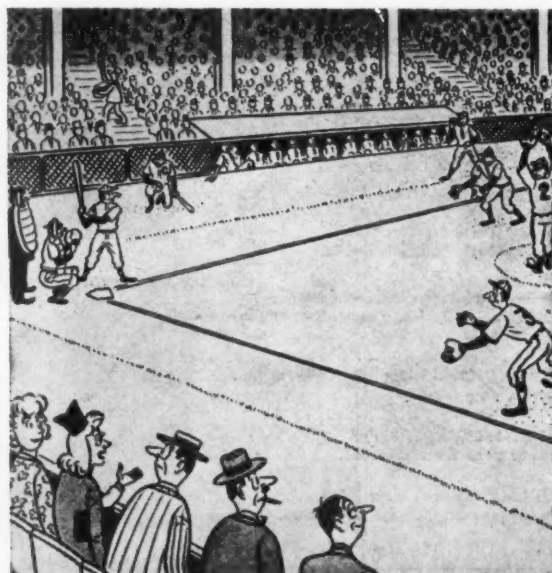
Casey Bats Again

(Rarely do we stumble across humorous reviews of books or movies or plays. But here is a review of an opera that takes three bases in the humor department. After you have read it, however, may we suggest that you read the poems on page 18, "Baseball in Verse.")

Casey at the Bat was written by Ernest L. Thayer around 1888. It is, for the benefit of those . . . who somehow have missed connections with it, a narrative poem in hiccuping iambic septameter couplets describing as Milton could, the immortal strikeout (with two on in the ninth).

Even if the poem has been passed over loftily by the editors of the *Golden Treasury*, it is one of the supreme literary works of all time. Ask anybody. Ask intellectual authorities like Leo Durocher, or Casey Stengel, or Yogi Berra. Ask any sports writer. Ask any baseball fan.

Unfortunately, Mr. Thayer was very chary of information about his hero. Who, really, was he? What did he look like? What was his batting average? Was he southpaw or normal? Was he a sucker for an inside high ball? Fast on the bases? A good fielder?



Jeff Keats in *The American Magazine*

"Why, I know the statistics on every player. The catcher is 26, single, and gets \$15,000; the pitcher is 23, married, and gets \$18,000; the first baseman is 30, married, and gets \$25,000; the second baseman is 24, single, and gets \$15,000."

To get the answers we now can turn to *The Mighty Casey*, the opera by William Schuman to a libretto by Jeremy Gury that received its world premiere here [Hartford, Conn.] at the Burns School Auditorium.

Many questions that have been irking scholars are now answered. How they came up with the information is impossible to ascertain at this moment, but their research discloses not only the name of Casey's girl friend, the fellow members of his team, but his batting average (.564), his R. B. I. (200), and the number of home runs he hit (99).

He played right field. He was a southpaw. He was a burly, good-looking fellow. His bat, a grievous weapon, was as big as a telephone pole (and the Casey tonight handled it like one). He was a sucker for a high inside ball. This was the Casey who plunged Mudville into gloom.

There also is music to this opera. . . . There is a manager's musical beef, a what-does-the-catcher-say-to-the-pitcher duet, a trio of umpires, a first-class rhubarb, and a sad chorale after Casey shattered the air with his blow.

The Mighty Casey is part sentimentalism, part modernism. . . . And it takes Casey an awfully long time to get to bat.

—Harold C. Schonberg in *The New York Times*

Haw, Haw!

Leo Durocher, Mac Davis relates in *Great American Sports Humor*, when managing the Brooklyn Dodgers, once came to Ebbets Field early to see whether the field was in shape for the day's game. Passing the exit gate in center field, he heard a knock. He opened the door and was surprised to see a large and handsome bay horse.

"What do you want?" asked Leo.

"Understand you need ballplayers," answered the horse. "Got a spot for me?"

"What can you do?" asked the Lip.

"I can hit like anything," replied the horse.

"Go grab a bat," said Durocher. "I'll throw some up for you and we'll see."

The horse loped into the dugout and came out with a bat gripped firmly between his teeth. Durocher served up a few pitches and the horse belted them into the stands.

"So you can hit," conceded Leo. "What else can you do?"

"I play a mean third base," answered the bay horse.

"Go out there and I'll rap you a few," said Leo.

Again the horse proved himself by neatly spearing half a dozen sizzling grounders off Leo's bat.

"Not bad," admitted the Dodger manager, "but we got plenty of hitters and third basemen. What I really want to know is can you pitch?"

"You must be nuts!" neighed the horse. "Who ever heard of a horse who could pitch?"

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of *Literary Cavalcade* for this semester or for the school year

Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

Highlights of the Issue . . .

Short Short Story

"The Smuggler," by Victor Canning (p. 3)

The life of a simple fisherman hangs on the whim of a dictator in this suspense-filled story. An interesting study—for class discussion—between the process of justice in a dictatorship and the contrasting principles of trial by jury in a democracy.

Essay

"From Sea to Shining Sea," by E. B. White (p. 6)

One of America's foremost writers gives us an unforgettable account of his first "discovery" of America—from the seat of a Model T.

Picture Essay

"Julius Caesar," recent movie (p. 16)

Scenes from the recent film version of *Julius Caesar*. An able cast and intelligent direction have made this film one that you'll want your students to see. For classes studying Shakespeare this year, this film is "a must." (See suggested classroom activity on this page.)

Short Story

"Island Summer," by Stewart Pierce Brown (p. 10)

CAVALQUIZ—the Teacher's Pet

If you ever feel as though there's just not enough time to "follow up" the contents of *Literary Cavalcade*, let CAVALQUIZ be your right-hand assistant. Boys and girls enjoy the lively questions and activities in CAVALQUIZ, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that your students are putting their reading experience to work.

The "Quick Quiz" serves as a quick check on the student's reading comprehension. Discussion questions suggest interesting material both for class discussion and for oral and written reports. "Have Fun with Words" presents a group of ten related words which the student first defines, then uses in a sentence. "Composition Capers" offers practical, suggestive "tips" to the student who is interested in writing, and helps other students to evaluate and appreciate the craftsmanship of writing.

CAVALQUIZ is printed in the center of the magazine so that it will not interfere with the rest of the contents.

A sixteen-year-old boy faces the age-old problem of adjusting his new friends and new interests to his old ones. The new understanding he finds of himself and of his parents will be of interest to other teen-agers, and should lend itself to interesting class discussion. (See special study unit which follows on this page.)

Poetry

"Casey at the Bat" and "Casey's Revenge" (p. 18)

Two well-loved baseball ballads—now part of our folklore—that are sure to be popular with your students. Introducing students to poems that they find *fun to read*—and that they might even like to memorize for their own enjoyment—is, we feel, an "open-sesame" to developing appreciation of poetry.

Book Excerpt

Spy-Catcher, by Oreste Pinto (p. 33)

Actual case histories from the spy-catching files of the leading Allied officer in World War II counter-intelligence. Thrilling reading for students at all reading levels.

Special Study Unit

"Island Summer," p. 10

Aims

To stimulate students to think about the value of having a variety of interests.

Activities

1. In two columns draw up a list of the differences between Peter's family and the family at Galleon Bay. For example, your first entries might read: (*Column 1, Peter's family*), Father always manages to look like an important businessman, even in sports shirt and shorts; (*Column 2, Galleon Bay family*) Casually, comfortably dressed in clothes that are none too clean.

2. Write a short theme in which you describe the "lesson" Peter learned from his experience with the Galleon Bay family. You might develop the idea expressed by Alex when he said, "It is very exciting to design and make something that has beauty and yet *does* something, too." (This quotation gains meaning in light of the fact that Peter's family tended to emphasize usefulness rather than beauty, while Alex's family tended to concentrate on beauty with little regard for usefulness.)

3. Discuss the following quotation: "As he listened [to the Galleon Bay family talking], Peter realized he had heard these same discussions and arguments all summer. He was reminded of the conversation of the boys on the

To See Themselves in Print

Student writers make their bows in the "Cavalcade Firsts" department of *Literary Cavalcade* (p. 23). Contributions to this department are always welcome. While manuscripts cannot be returned or criticized, all are carefully read, and are eligible for the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards whether or not they are published in "Cavalcade Firsts." (See Writing Awards announcement, p. 27.)

The contents of "Cavalcade Firsts" serve as excellent motivation to the student interested in trying his hand at writing. If you have students who would like to contribute stories, poems, essays, etc., encourage them to follow up their reading of "Cavalcade Firsts" by turning to "Composition Capers" in CAVALQUIZ, p. 22.

beach and of his family. Each separate group had its own language . . .

Do you think that Peter's observation is true?

Julius Caesar, p. 16-17

Classroom activity: Invite students—individually or as a class—to select one 4 or 5 line quotation from Shakespeare's play of *Julius Caesar* to accompany each of the eight scenes shown on pages 16 and 17.

After eight quotations have been selected, discuss each one in class: (a) What part does it play in advancing the action of the play for the audience? (b) Does it express any idea that applies to people in general, as well as to the particular characters in the play? If so, what is this universal idea? Can you understand why the quotation might be frequently quoted? Can you name a situation in your own life to which the quotation might have applied? (c) If you were a modern playwright, how might you have stated the idea that is expressed in this quotation? (In many cases this third question should reveal the surprisingly up-to-date quality of many of Shakespeare's lines.)

Answers to "Cavalquiz" Questions (pp. 19-22)

Quick Quiz: "The Smuggler": 1-a; 2-b; 3-b; 4-a. "Island Summer": 1-a, c; 2-a. "Spy-Catcher": 1-b; 2-b; 3-a.

Have Fun with Words: I. 1-e; 2-f; 3-b; 4-i; 5-d; 6-b; 7-j; 8-a; 9-g; 10-c. II. 1-novice; 2-whimsical; 3-ingratiating; 4-pungent; 5-conventional; 6-abstract; 7-erratic; 8-unorthodox; 9-terminology; 10-glib.

You Can Help Your Students Discover That Reading Is Fun!

—Says Max J. Herzberg, well-known expert on young peoples' reading and Chairman of the Selection Committee of the Teen Age Book Club.

The experience of thousands of teachers proves that it's easy to get students to read for pleasure if you have a Teen Age Book Club in your class. This unique service for schools gives benefits similar to those supplied to adults by the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club—at a cost students can afford. Club members are offered a choice each month of sixteen 25¢ and 35¢ pocket-size books, widely varied so that each may find titles suited to his or her interest and reading level. For every four books purchased, members receive a dividend book free. The Club is organized so that students can run it themselves. All materials for operating a Club are supplied free.



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edited by Henry Nelson

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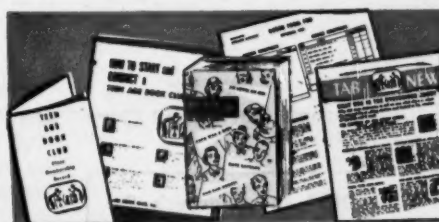
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Max J. Herzberg, who with four other eminent reading authorities selects the books offered by the Teen Age Book Club, is past president of the National Council of Teachers of English and author of numerous textbooks and anthologies.



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One of the 4 pages in the September-October issue of TAB News (shown above in reduced size) which gives descriptions of coming books and is distributed to Clubs in classroom quantities. Seven other books offered in Sept.-Oct. are: *Treasure Island*, *Pocket Thesaurus*, *Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary*, *Hi There*, *High School*, *Star Spangled Summer*, *Silver*, *Long Wharf*.

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